A New Verſion

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES uſed in CHURCHES.

BY

N. BRADY, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary, and *N. TATE,* Eſq; Poet-Laureat to His Majeſty.

(With Permiſſion of the Stationer's Company.)

BIRMINGHAM,

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, 1762.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence in Sheets.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

May *the* 23*d*, 1698.

HIS Majeſty having Allowed and Permitted the Uſe of a New Verſion of the Pſalms of *David*, by Dr. *Brady* and Mr. *Tate*, *in all* Churches, Chapels *and* Congregations; *I cannot do leſs than wiſh a good Succeſs to this* Royal Indulgence; *For I find it a* WORK *done with ſo much* Judgment *and* Ingenuity, *that I am perſuaded, it may take off that unhappy Objection, which has hitherto lain againſt the* Singing Pſalms; *and diſpoſe that Part of Divine Service to much more Devotion. And I do heartily recommend the Uſe of* this Verſion *to all my Brethren within my Dioceſe.*

H. LONDON.

An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing how to find each PSALM by its Beginning.

	Psalm
A	
AGAINST all thoſe	35
As pants the Hart	42
At length by certain	73
B.	
Behold, O God	79
Bleſs God, my Soul	104
Bleſs God, ye Servants	134
D.	
Defend me, Lord	31
Deliver me, O Lord	59
Do thou, O God	56
F.	
For ever bleſs'd	144
For thee, O God	65
From loweſt Depths	130
From my Youth	129
G.	
Give ear, thou Judge	55
God in the great	82
God is our Refuge	46
God's Temple crowns	87
H.	
Had not the Lord	124
Happy the Man	41
Have Mercy, Lord	51
Hear, O my People	78
He's bleſt, whoſe Sins	32
He that has God	91
Hold not thy Peace	83
How bleſt are they	119
How bleſt is he	1
How good and pleaſant	92
How long wilt	13
How num'rous, Lord	3
How vaſt muſt	133
I.	
Jehovah reigns, let all	97
Jehovah reigns, let therefore	99
I'll celebrate thy	30
In deep Diſtreſs	120
In Judah the	76
In thee I put	71
In vain, O Man	52
Judge me, O Lord	26
Juſt Judge of Heav'n	43
I waited meekly	40
L.	
Let all the Juſt	33
Let all the Lands	66
Let all the liſt'ning	49
Let David, Lord	132
Let God, the God	68
Lord, hear my Cry	61
Lord, hear my Pray'r	143
Lord, hear the Voice	5
Lord, hear the Voice	64
Lord, let thy juſt	72
Lord, not to us	115
Lord, ſave me, for	54
Lord, thou haſt	85
Lord, who's the	15
M.	
My crafty Foe with	36
My God, my God	22
My Soul for Help	62
My Soul, inſpir'd	103
My Soul with	116
N.	
No Change of Times	18
O.	
O all ye People	47
O come, loud Anthems	95
Of Mercy's never	101
O God, my gracious	63
O God, my Heart	108
O God of Hoſts	84
O God, to whom	94
O God, who haſt	60
O God, whoſe	109
O Iſrael's Shepherd	80
O Lord, I am not	131
O Lord, my God	7
O Lord, my Rock	28
O Lord, our Fathers	44
O Lord, the Saviour	90
O Lord, that art my	4
O Lord, to my	70
On thee who dwell'ſt	123
O praiſe the Lord with	135
O praiſe the Lord, for	118
O praiſe the Lord in	150
O praiſe the Lord and	146
O praiſe the Lord with Hymns	147
O praiſe the Lord with one Conſent	135
O praiſe ye the Lord	149
O render Thanks	105
O render Thanks to	106
O thou, to whom all	8
O 'twas a joyful	122

	Pſalm
P.	
Praiſe ye the Lord	111
Preſerve me, Lord	140
Proteſt me from my	16
R.	
Reſolv'd to watch	39
S.	
Save me, O God	69
Since godly Men	12
Since I have plac'd	11
Sing to the Lord	96
Sing to the Lord	98
Speak, O ye Judges	58
Sure, wicked Fools	14
T.	
Thee I'll extol	145
The Heavens declare	19
The King, O Lord,	21
The Lord hath ſpoke	50
The Lord himſelf	23
The Lord, the only	48
The Lord to thy	20
The Lord unto my	110
That Man is bleſt who ſtands	112
The Man is bleſt who fears	128
The wicked Fools	53
This ſpacious Earth	24
Tho' wicked Men	37
Thou, Lord, by	139
Thy chaſt'ning Wrath	38
Thy dreadful Anger	6
Thy Mercies, Lord	89
Thy Mercy, Lord	57
Through all the	34
To bleſs thy choſen	67
Thy Preſence why	10
To celebrate thy	9
To God I cry'd	77
To God, in whom	25
To God our never	81
To God the mighty	136
To God with mournful	142
To God your grateful	107
To my Complaint	86
To my juſt Plea	17
To thee, my God	88
To thee, O God	75
To thee, O Lord	141
To Sion's Hill	121
W.	
We build with	127
When I pour out	102
When Iſr'el by	114
When Sion's God	126
When we our	137
While I the King's	45
Whom ſhould I fear	27
Who place on Sion's	125
Why haſt thou caſt	74
With chearful	117
With Glory clad	93
With my whole	138
With one Conſent	100
With reſtleſs and	2
Y.	
Ye boundleſs Realms	148
Ye Princes that	29
Ye Saints and Servants	113

5 JA60

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS

ABOUT THE

TUNES *and* MEASURES.

ALL Pſalms of this Verſion in the *Common Meaſure* of Eights and Sixes (that is, where the firſt and third Lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each) may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes: namely, *York*-tune, *Windſor*-tune, St. *David*'s, *Lichfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, St. *Mary*'s, alias *Hackney*, St. *Ann*'s-tune, &c.

As the Old 25 Pſalm, may be ſung the New 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Pſalms in this Verſion of four Lines in a ſingle Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Pſalms of Praiſe or Chearfulneſs) may properly be ſung as the Old 100 Pſalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Pſalm, ſecond Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Pſalms in the ſame Meaſure, may be ſung as the Old 51 Pſalm; which Tunes, with all the fore-mentioned, are printed in the *Supplement* to this New Verſion.

A New

A New Version *of the* PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits where Men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect Law of God his Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day, and meditates by Night.

3 Like ſome fair Tree, which fed by Streams with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs all his Deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb before the Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then amongſt the Saints have place.
6 For God approves the juſt Man's Ways, to Happineſs they tend;
But Sinners and the Paths they tread, ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage. why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage as they can ne'er perform.
2 The great in Counſel and in Might, their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite, and his anointed King.

3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands? preſumptuouſly they ſay:
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands, and caſt their Chains away.
4 But God who ſits inthron'd on high, and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy, and mocks their vain Deſign.

5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break on his rebellious Foes:
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak to all that dare oppoſe.
6 "Though madly you diſpute my Will, "the King that I ordain,
"Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill, "ſhall there ſecurely reign."

7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare God's uncontrol'd Decree;
"Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir "have I begotten thee.
8 "Aſk and receive thy full Demands, "thine ſhall the Heathen be;
"The utmoſt Limits of the Lands "ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9 "Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake, "and cruſh them ev'ry where;
"As maſſy Bars of Iron break "the Potter's brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear, ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear, rejoice with awful Mirth.

12 Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect, your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect, incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in part his Anger riſe, who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies on his moſt holy Name.'

PSALM III.

1 HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the Troublers of thy Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe, ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid, and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they, ſhall reſcue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence; on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet lift up my Head on high.
4 Since, whenſoe'er in my Diſtreſs to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill, why ſhould I now deſpair?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down my ſweet Repoſe to take:
For I through him ſecurely ſleep, through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men, that have befet me round.

7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God, who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs, he only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge, to my Complaint give Ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs, have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men, to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue, and ſpread malicious Lies?

3 Conſider, that the righteous Man is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r, he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his Commands, flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts, and bend them to his Will.

5 The Place of other Sacrifice let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fixt, on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow more proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy more laſting and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head, and take my needful Reſt;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave, of my Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

1 Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint, accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God, will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear; and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up, to thee devoutly pray.

4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain canſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling place all Evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain unpuniſh'd in thy View:
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.

6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth, by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes, and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws, for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit, their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave, they flatter with their Tongue.

10 By their own Counſels let them fall, oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee, with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt, and all that love thy Name.

12 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord his Bleſſing will extend,
And with his Favour all his Saints, as with a Shield defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, reſtrain,
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
The Anguiſh of my aking Bones,
3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
4 Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
5 For after Death no more can I
No Priſ'ners of the ſilent Grave
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee that God

and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
too heavy to be borne.
unable to endure
which thou alone canſt cure.
and fills my Soul with Grief;
to grant me thy Relief!
and eaſe my troubled Soul;
vouchſafe to make me whole.
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
can magnify thy Name.
no Hope of Eaſe I ſee;
is ſpent in Tears by me.
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
on my inſulting Foes.
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
and liſtens to my Voice.
and they that wiſh my Fall,
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd
From all my Perſecutors Rage
2 To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe,
Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
5 Let them to perſecuting Foes
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
6 Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
Exalt thyſelf above thy Foes,
Awake, awake, in my Behalf,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
O! therefore for their Sakes reſume
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
According to my juſt Deſerts,
9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
But guard the Juſt, thou God, to whom
10, 11 God he protects, not only me,
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
13 Ev'n now with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
14 The Plots are fruitleſs which my Foe
15 The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
On him the Violence is fall'n,
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,

my Truſt alone in thee,
do thou deliver me.
Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r;
my helpleſs Soul devour.
againſt his Peace combine;
who fought unjuſtly mine,
my Soul become a Prey;
in Duſt my Honour lay.
in my Defence engage;
and their inſulting Rage:
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
for injur'd Innocence.
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly;
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
ſo let thy Sentence be.
together be o'erthrown;
the Hearts of both are known.
but all of upright Heart;
who from his Laws depart.
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
his pointed Shafts are ſent.
unjuſtly did conceive:
his own untimely Grave.
whilſt I from Harm am free!
which he deſign'd for me.
of Providence proclaim;
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung, nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant-Tongue thy boundleſs Praiſe declare:
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong, and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng, that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high, employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that rightly rules the Sky, with Stars of feebler Light;
4 What's Man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt to keep him in my Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou did'ſt create to thy celeſtial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State, o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway; the Beaſts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way; the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O thou, to whom all Creatures bow within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord, I will my Heart prepare:
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works, thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul exalted Pleaſures bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High, triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn their Backs in ſhameful Flight;
Struck with thy Preſence down they fell, they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd thou did'ſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne, where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd, and blotted out their Name.
6 Miſtaken Foes! your haughty Threats are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd to make our common Tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe, to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids in our Behalf engage.
10 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord; from Sion his Abode,
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12 When he enquiry makes for Blood, he'll call the Poor to mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint Relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord, which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft from Death's devouring Gate.
14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe, to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare inſenſibly betray'd.
16 Thus by the juſt Returns he makes the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots are ſhamefully o'erthrown.

17 No

17 No ſingle ſinner ſhall eſcape by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge by Numbers be ſecur'd.

18 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſt, he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd, though for a Time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r, and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce the guilty Heathen's Doom.

20 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round, till, by conſenting Fear,
They to each other, and themſelves, but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord? why hid'ſt thou now thy Face,
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs call for thy wonted Grace?
2 The wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride, have made the Poor their Prey,
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns which they for others lay.

3 For ſtraight they triumph, if Succeſs their thriving Crimes attend:
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates, perverſly they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind no Thought of God remains.

5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue, and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd are far above their Sight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive, from all Misfortune free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech, with Curſes fill'd and Lies;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near public Roads they lie conceal'd, and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once to rifle and deſtroy.

9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens, ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs more ſavage Rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man, and modeſt Looks they wear;
That ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11 For God they think, no Notice takes of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor, nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe; ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r. defend the Poor from Harm.

13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt, and proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do, "he never will repay."
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds impartially doſt try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor on thee for Aid rely.

15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall, of all their Strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns, till no Remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord, which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou who the Heathen didſt expel from this thy choſen Land.

17 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray, and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth may proſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God, a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird, to diſtant Mountains fly?

2 Behold,

PSALM XII, XIII, XIV.

2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow, and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails which public Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here, and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men, and how their Counſels move.

5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves, for Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence, whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone on their Heads ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge into their Cup ſhall pour.

7 The righteous Lord with righteous Deeds with ſignal Favour grace:
And to the upright Man diſcloſe the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord, do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe what t'other doth impart:
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive, and with a double Heart.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay, "our Tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray, "and be control'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor, and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them Reſt, in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide, and void of Falſhood be;
As is the Silver ſev'n Times try'd, from droſſy Mixture free.

7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace ſhall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd, nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd, ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord? Muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me? oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul, and Grief my Heart oppreſs;
How long my Enemies inſult, and I have no Redreſs?

3 O hear! and to my longing Eyes reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep in everlaſting Night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt 'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul to triumph in thy Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring:
6 Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd, to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe that God is nothing but a Name;
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows, no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r, and all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r, if any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But

3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide, all were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took Religion for their Guide, not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown;
That they, like Bread, my People eat, and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?

5 How will they tremble then for Fear, when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For, to the Righteous, God is near, and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ, to break his People's ſervile Band!
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy, ſhould loudly echo through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that may to thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them, but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak the Thing his Heart diſproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report, by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r, can treat with ſuch Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloth'd in Rags, religiouſly reſpect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs he makes his Promiſe good.
5 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe, the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.

6 The Man who by his ſteady Courſe has Happineſs inſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand, by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight, all Gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are, and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always and preſer ſhall be my chief Delight,
4 How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd, who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt, their very Names abhor.

5 My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand; 'tis he ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign all other Lands out-vies.

7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord, whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve to his all-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove, becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

9 Therefore my Heart all Grief deſies, my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe, wak'd by his powerful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath, my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy holy One in Death the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay, which to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay, and Joys that never fade.

PSALM

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea and ſad Complaint, attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious Ear afford.
2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd, ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord, my upright Dealing ſee,

3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day, and viſited by Night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone my Heart's Deſigns acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue ſhall no Offence commit.

4 I know what wicked Men would do their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands from bloody Paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs, my Innocence ſecure;
O guide me in thy righteous Ways, and make my Footſteps ſure.

6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain to thee my Pray'r addreſt;
O now, my God, incline thine Ear to this my juſt Requeſt.
7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love in my Defence engage,
Thou whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care; thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes, that compaſs me about.
10 O'er grown with Luxury, inclos'd in their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth both God and Man defy.

11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now my Paths incompaſs'd round;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd, and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet, when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks within a covert Way.

13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots, their ſwelling Rage control;
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword, deliver thou my Soul;
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge, whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire no other Bliſs to know;

15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake their Subſtance while they live:
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face ſhall view without control;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock, a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God; my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad, At Home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my Pray'r, (to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care, be guarded from thy treach'rous Foe.
4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd, with deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd, in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.

6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r, to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear, and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PSALM XVIII.

PART II.

7 When God arose to take my Part, the conscious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start, nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad, Ensigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd, that Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light, whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet substantial Night was like a sable Carpet spread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings, which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings, with most amazing Swiftness flew.

11, 12 Black watry Mists & Clouds conspir'd with thickest Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightness soon retir'd, and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
Peal,
While Earth's sad Face, with Heaps of Hail and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw, which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Light'nings flew, and quickly finish'd their Defeat.
15 The deep its secret Stores disclos'd; the World's Foundations naked lay,
By his avenging Wrath expos'd, which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my Side engage, from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless Pow'r employ'd, my strongest Foes Attempts to break;
Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd the weak Defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd, when I distrest and friendless lay;
But still when other Succours fail'd, God was my firm Support and Stay.
19 From Dangers that inclos'd me round, he brought me forth, and set me free:
For some just Cause his Goodness found, that mov'd him to delight in me,

20 Because in me no Guilt remains, God does his gracious Help extend:
My Hands are free from bloody Stains, therefore the Lord is still my Friend.
21, 22 For I his Judgements kept in Sight; in his just Paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes slight, nor loosly wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still my Soul, sincere and pure, did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure, because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous to various Paths of Human-kind;
Ways
They who for Mercy merit Praise, with thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew, the Pure thy Purity shall see;
Such as perversly chuse to go, shall meet with due Returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble Soul will save, and crush the Haughty's boasted Might,
In me the Lord an Instance gave, whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light.
29 On his firm Succour I rely'd, and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my Side, the best defended Walls to scale.

30 For God's Designs shall still succeed; his Word will bear the utmost Test;
He's a strong Shield to all that need, and on his sure Protection rest.
31 Who then deserves to be ador'd, but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord, can with resistless Pow'r defend?

PART

PSALM XIX.

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on, and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Thro' him my Feet can ſwiftly run, and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills,
34 Leſſons of War from him I take, and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break, forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35 The Buckler of his ſaving Health proteſts me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my Wealth and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.
36 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad, till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod, the Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous Hoſts defeat, and flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat, till I a final Conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try, their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength they lie beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field, recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield, ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40 Through him the Necks of proſtrate Foes my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd, but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd, but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue, their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw, like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now, by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Scepter bow, and foreign Nations own my Sway.
44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend, when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend, charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45 All to my Summons tamely yield, or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field, and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd, the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt!
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd, who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!

47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right, his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he, that with reſiſtleſs Might, fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal Safeguard, he! from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free, from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame, my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name, ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;
50 " God to his King Deliv'rance ſends, " ſhews his Anointed ſignal Grace;
" His Mercy evermore extends " to David and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord, which that alone can fill?
The Firmament and Stars expreſs their great Creator's Skill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day, freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds divine Inſtructions ſprings.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm or Region is confin'd:
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe thro' Earth's Extent diſplay:
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun does round the World convey.

5 No

5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dreſt, has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant does like him rejoice, to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt, his reſtleſs Courſe he goes:
And thro' his Progreſs chearful Light and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul, reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word the Ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt, and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in Search of Truth, aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd, on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd,
10 Of more Eſteem than golden Mines, or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops than from the Comb diſtil.

11 My truſty Counſellors they are, and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves, how oft he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults, thou God that knows them all.

13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord, Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be with thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure on my Defence, my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to my Requeſt attend, and hear thee in Diſtreſs:
The Name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair, and Strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy Off'rings there, Thy Sacrifice receive.

4 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire to bring them to effect.
5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd, "the Lord accept thy Pray'r.

6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford, and to his Pray'r attend.
7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd, on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind the Pow'r of God moſt high.

8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown, Behold them thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke and trampled down, whilſt firm our Troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need, the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt, not only didſt impart;
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt the Wiſhes of his Heart.

3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear, and ſet'ſt it firmly on,
4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord, didſt his ſhort Span extend;
And graciouſly to him afford a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt, and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne, and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe that hate thy mild Command.

9 When thou againſt them doſt engage, thy juſt but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage, their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe, or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race, and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill, their Hearts on Malice bent;
(But thou with watchful Care did'ſt ſtill the ill Effects prevent.)
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly, and gall them in their Flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe, and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd, and from my loud Complaint?
2 All Day, but all the Day unheard, to thee do I complain:
With Cries implore Relief all Night, but cry all Night in vain.

3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſr'el's Praiſes are of Right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd, and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd, and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a Worm, like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd, but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd my Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head, and thus deriding ſay;

8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft "that he was Heav'n's Delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now, "and own his Favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb a living Offspring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt, I was thy early Care.
10 Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from Wrongs my helpleſs Infant Days;
And ſince haſt been my God and Guide, thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me, when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd, from Baſon's Foreſt met;
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage, have me around beſet.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth a yawning Grave appears;
The Deſart Lion's ſavage Roar leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints are rack'd and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt, like Wax before the Flame.

15 My

15 My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd, my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death My fainting Soul withdraws.

16 Like Blood-hounds to ſurround me, they in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands, they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my Bones diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe, as Paſtime they behold.

18 As Spoil my Garments they divide, Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength, and to my Succour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Swords protect thou me, (of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let thy Darling in the Pow'r of cruel Dogs be left.

21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws, thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once from goring Unicorns, thou did'ſt my Life defend.
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare the Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints, thy Glory thus proclaim.

23 "Ye Worſhippers of Jacob's God, "all you of Iſr'el's Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe "ſincere Obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs "to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face, "but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I my chearful Thanks expreſs,
In Preſence of thy Saints perform the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companions of my Grief ſhall find my Table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be with Joys immortal fed.

27 Then ſhall the glad converted World to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth one ſov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative o'er Subject-Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World, who does the World ſuſtain.

29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed, his Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd, their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne they all for Aid reſort;
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave, can only them ſupport.

30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord, vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whoſe conſtant Care my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender Graſs he makes me Feed, and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where refreſhing Waters flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim, and to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk in his moſt righteous Ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff defend and comfort me.

5 In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes he does my Table ſpread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine, with Oil anoints my Head.
6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote, and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's, the Lord's her Fulneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell therein, by ſov'reign Right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas, and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods has made the ſtable Fabric ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of all, one choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill deſerv'd Admittance find?
4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure, whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers to gainful Perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek the Face of Jacob's God.

7 Ereſt your Heads, eternal Gates, unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee, he comes with his celeſtial Train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who? the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes eternal Victor crown'd.

9 Ereſt your Heads, ye Gates, unfold in State to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee, he comes with all his ſhining Train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who? the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King, who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I truſt, I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame, nor let my Foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely let no Diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch as wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy Truth impart, and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me Help, on thee I wait all Day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy Love, O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill, as thou wert ever kind.

7 Let all my youthful Crimes be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſake, in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners Home, and teaching them his Ways.

9 He thoſe in Juſtice guides who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead the Humble and the Meek.
10 Thro' all the Ways of God both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace that moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord, and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide in all his righteous Ways.

13 His quiet Soul with Peace ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his Saints his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write in their obedient Hearts.

15 To him I lift my Eyes, and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare, which for my Feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my Griefs in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes, and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17 The Sorrows of my Heart to mighty Sums increaſe:
O from this dark and diſmal State my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt intirely ſet me free.

19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes. how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe, what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 Protect and ſet my Soul from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place my ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.

21 Let all my righteous Acts to full Perfection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſr'el's choſen Race continue ever kind:
And in the midſt of all their Wants let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view and made thy Truth my Guide.

4 I never for Companions took the Idle or Prophane:
No Hypocrite with all his Arts, could e'er my Friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting Crew, who make diſtraſted Times;
And ſhun their wicked Company, as I avoid their Crimes.

6 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence, and bring a Heart ſo pure;
That when thy Altar I approach, my Welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight, in which thy Honour dwells.

9 Paſs not on me the Sinners Doom, who Murder make their Trade;
10 Who others Rights by ſecret Bribes, or open Force invade.
11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth, and Innocence purſue:
Protect me therefore, and to me thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes I ſtill maintain my Ground:
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints, thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports, what can my Soul affright?
2 With fierce Intent my Fleſh to tear, when Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts were made to ſtrike the Ground.

3 Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares with num'rous Hoſts to cope;
Through him in doubtful Straits of War, for good Succeſs I hope.
4 Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell I earneſtly deſire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view, and his bleſt Will inquire.

5 For there may I with Comfort reſt, in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
And ſafe as on a Rock abide, in that ſecure Receſs;
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes my lofty Head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring, and ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM XXVIII, XXIX.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice, whene'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive, nor my Requeſt deny;
8 When thou to ſeek thy glorious Face thou kindly doſt adviſe;
" Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek," my grateful Heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord, nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my Friends and neareſt Kin their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou whoſe Love excels them all, wilt Care and Pity take.

11 Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord, my Ways directly guide,
Leſt envious Men, who watch my Steps, ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes, defeat their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips and bloody Hands againſt my Peace conſpire.

13 I truſted that my future Life ſhould with thy Love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk with Sorrow compaſs'd round,
14 God's Time with patient Faith expect, and he'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength; do thou thy Part, and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry, in Sighs conſume thy Breath;
O anſwer, or I ſhall become like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
2 Regard my Supplication, Lord, the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands before thy Mercy Seat.

3 Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom, who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair, whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their Crimes Extent, let Juſtice have its Courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they have ſinn'd without Remorſe.

5 Since they the Works of God deſpiſe, nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy, and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due Adknowledgment, his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs a gracious Anſwer found.

7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd, in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I truſted, and return'd triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys complete, 'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks, and thus reſound his Praiſe:

8 " His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops " that my juſt Cauſe maintain:
" 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne, " 'tis he ſecures my Reign,"
9 Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them in Peace; in Battle with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel, your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell, his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe, devoutly due Reſpect afford;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe, where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe the wat'ry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice, when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears! with what majeſtic Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears, and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round!

6 They, and the Hills on which they grow, are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go, or Unicorns in youthful Play.

7, 8 When

PSALM XXX, XXXI.

7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks, and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
the Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes, and ſtubborn Kadeſh lowly bends.

9 He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young, and leaves the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong, ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high; his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe;
His People he'll with Strength ſupply, and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord, who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe thy drooping Head, and check my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to thee, who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

4 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his with Songs of Praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his Truth, and providential Care.
5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign, his Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd with Joy's returning Day.

6 But I in proſp'rous Days preſum'd; no ſudden Change I fear'd,
Whilſt in thy Sun-ſhine of Succeſs no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord, my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy Face, I ſaw my Honour laid in Duſt.

8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd, my Error I confeſs'd,
And thus with ſupplicating Voice, thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:
9 " What Profit is there in my Blood, " conjeal'd by Death's cold Night?
" Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak my Praiſe, " thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10 Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear, " thy wonted Aid extend;
" Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone " I can for Help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful Scene to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State, who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are, thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame, for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name, from Danger ſet me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious Ear, and ſpeedy Succour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear, to ſhelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when Foes oppreſs, my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs, thy wonted Help impart.
4 Releaſe me from the Snare which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God, my Strength repair to thee alone for Aid.

5 To thee, the God of Truth, my Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth) I willingly reſign.
6 All vain Deſigns I hate, of thoſe that truſt in Lyes;
And ſtill my Soul in ev'ry State, to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race did all my Strength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space to ſhun my watchful Foes.

PSALM XXXII.

9 Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
For both my Soul and [illegible] decay,
10 Sad Thoughts my Li[illegible]eſs,
My Sins have made my [illegible]ngth decreaſe,

11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd, *
My Friends at Sight of me were ſhock'd,
12 Forſook by all am I,
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,

13 Yet ſland'rous Words they ſpeak,
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,

and hear my juſt Complaint;
with Grief and Hunger faint.
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.

my Neighbours did upbraid;
and fled as Men diſmay'd.
as dead, and out of mind;
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.

and ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
I on thy Help repoſe;
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
16 The Brightneſs of thy Face
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,

17 Me from Diſhonour ſave
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
18 Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,

19 How great thy Mercies are
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
From Tongues that do in Strife delight

21 With Glory and Renown
Whoſe Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town
22 I ſaid in haſty Flight,
Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy Sight,

23 O all ye Saints, the Lord
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
24 Ye that on God rely,
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply

thy Wiſdom times them all;
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
preſerve me from my Foes.

who ſtill have call'd on thee;
the Sinner's Portion be.
whoſe Breath in Lyes are ſpent;
againſt the Righteous vent.

to ſuch as fear thy Name!
doſt to the World proclaim.
from proud Oppreſſors free;
they are preſerv'd by thee.

God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;"
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.

with eager Love purſue,
and give the Proud their due.
couragiouſly proceed:
with Strength in Time of Need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaint aſſwag'd my Grief.

4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd:
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſt.
5 No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry,
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.

9 Submit

PSALM XXXIII, XXXIV.

9 Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rule, like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule, whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and reign'd.

10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd, the harden'd Sinners ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws, their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ;
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe) in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the Righteous it becomes to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes in joyful Conſort meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe the Harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God, his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth, is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word at firſt Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light at his Command appear'd.

7 The ſwelling Floods, together roll, he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouſe ſafe, the wat'ry Treaſures by.
8, 9 Let Earth and all that dwell therein before him trembling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made, 'twas fix'd at his Command.

10 He, when the Heathens cloſely plot, their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes the People's raſh Deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they to whom the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides has choſen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts, by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17 No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts, their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed, His warlike Rider ſaves:
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him beholds with gracious Eyes;
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want in Time of Dearth ſupplies.

20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice, becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh, on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life, in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill my Heart and Tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt, till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example comfort take, and charm their Griefs to reſt.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his Name:
4 When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd, he to my Reſcue came.
5 Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd, who look'd to him for Aid;
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face a chearful Air diſplay'd.

6 "Behold (ſay they) behold the Man "whom Providence reliev'd:
"So dangerouſly with Woes beſet, "ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd."
7 The Hoſts of God encamp around the Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all who on his Succour truſt.

PSALM XXXV.

8 O make but Trial of his Love, Experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they, who in his Truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight, he'll make your Wants his Care.

10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey, the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him, and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd, and my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline of his religious Fear.
12 Let him who length of Life deſires, and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
13 From ſtand'ring Tongue ye keep his Tongue, his Lips from Falſhood free.

14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline, and Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun, and where 'tis loſt renew.
15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt with favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear is open to their Cries:

16 But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe whom Mercy can't reclaim.
To cut them off, and from the Earth blot out their hated Name.
17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives, when his Relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart, and contrite Spirit ſave.

19 The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain, againſt the Juſt conſpire;
20 For under their Affliction's Weight he keeps their Bones intire.
21 The wicked from their wicked Arts their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt, ſhall them in theirs ſurvive.

22 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe who on his Truth depend,
To them and their Poſterity. his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me, O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence, and keep me ſafe from Harm.

3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe that haſte my Blood to ſpill:
Say to my Soul "I am thy Health, "and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with ſhame be cover'd o'er, who my Deſtruction ſought:
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe be to confuſion brought.

5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff before the driving Wind:
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath ſhall goad them as they run.

7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong, they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit did without Cauſe prepare.
8 Surpris'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen, by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net, which they for me had laid.

9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name for this Deliv'rance bleſs;
And by his ſaving Health ſecur'd, its grateful Joy expreſs.
10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord, who can compare with thee,
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man from ſtrong Oppreſſors free?

PART II.

11 Falſe Witneſſes with forg'd Complaints, againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid as I had ne'er deſign'd.

12 The

12 The Good which I to thee hath done, with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeserv'd, my harmless Life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick, I still in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r to my own Breast return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been, I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief, a Mother's loss deplore.

15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove, in Times of my Distress?
When they, in Crowds together met, did Savage Joy express.
The Rabble too in num'rous Throngs, by their Examples came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words, to wound my spotless Fame.

16 Scoffers that noble Tables haunt, and earn their Bread with lyes,
Did gnash their Teeth, and stand'rous Jests maliciously devise.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on? on my Behalf appear;
And save my guiltless Soul, which they, like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the list'ning World, shall grateful Thanks express;
And where the great Assembly meets, thy Name with Praises bless.
19 Lord, suffer not thy causeless Foes, who me unjustly hate,
With open Joy, or secret Signs, to mock my sad Estate.

20 For they, with Hearts averse to Peace, industriously devise,
Against the Men of quiet Minds to forge malicious Lyes.
21 Nor with these private Arts content, aloud they vent their Spite,
And say "At last we found him out, "he did it in our Sight."

22 But thou, who dost both them and me with righteous Eyes survey,
Assert my Innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away,
23 Stir up thyself in my Behalf, to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God, to thy Decision take.

24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been, let me thy Justice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain the Triumph they design'd.
25 O let them not amongst themselves, in boasting Language say,
"At length our Wishes are complete, "at last he's made our Prey."

26 Let such as in my Harm rejoic'd, for Shame their Faces hide;
And foul Dishonour wait on those that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilst they with chearful Voices shout, who my just Cause befriend:
And bless the Lord, who loves to make Success his Saints attend.

28 So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing, inspir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns in Praise of thee, shall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe with flatt'ring Art, his wicked Purpose would disguise;
But Reason whispers to my Heart, no Fear of God before his Eyes.
2 He sooths himself, retir'd from Sight, secure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots expos'd to Light, their false Contriver brand with Shame.

3 In Deeds he is my Foe confess'd, whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair:
True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast, and Vice has sole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night in forging his accurst Designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous Spite, no execrable Means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope, the highest Orb of Heav'n transcends,
Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope beyond the spreading Skies extends.

6 Thy

6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains; unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains, the whole Creation is thy Care.

7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake, with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make, and Saints to thy Protection truſt?
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led, to Banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head, of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

9 With thee the Springs of Life remain, thy Preſence is eternal Day;
10 O let thy Saints thy Favour gain; to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn and wicked Hand my Life ſurprize;
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return; down, down they're fall'n no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great, 7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State, And patiently for him attend:
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe: Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
2 For they, cut down like tender Graſs, Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs, And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays. Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

3 Depend on God, and him obey, 8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay, Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Secure from Danger and from Want: Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight, 9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
And he, thy Duty to requite, Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant. Who truſt on him, and wait his Time.

5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord, 10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
And he will needful help afford, Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign: Nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found:
6 He'll make like Light, ſerene and clear, 11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Thy clouded Innocence appear, Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine. With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 With ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign, 17 For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe,
Againſt the righteous Few combine, But as for thoſe who break his Laws,
And gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning Their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.
ſtand,
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride, 18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And laugh at their defeated Pride; And over all their Life preſides,
He ſees their Ruin near at hand. Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt;
14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow, 19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow, Shall be unmov'd, and even in Dearth
And Men of Upright Lives to ſlay: The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke, 20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe,
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke Who proudly dare, God's Will oppoſe:
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share:
Way. Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
16 A little, with God's Favour bleſt, Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
That's by one righteous Man poſſeſt, And vaniſh into Smoke and Air.
The Wealth of many bad excels:

PART III.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay, 22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Still borrow on, and never pay, Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs.
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give; And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23 The

PSALM XXXVIII.

23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that moves by his Command;
24 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25 From my first Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart, (crease.
God made his Offspring's Wealth in-

27 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, does still
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,
While soon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31 The Upright shall possess the Land
His Portion shall for Ages stand;
His Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Therefore his Footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain the Righteous to surprise;
In vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceless leave,
To his Revenge expos'd; but save,
And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34 Wait still on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
Thy blest Possession ne'er shall quit:
The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
And at his dismal Tragedy,
Thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.

35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen
And like a Bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant Branches round:

36 But he was gone as swift as Thought,
And tho' in ev'ry Place I sought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as upright are:
Their roughest Days in Peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,
A common Ruin shall attend.

39 God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Safe-guard is the Lord.
Their Strength in Time of Need is he;
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely Succour send,
And from the Wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain, Tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm of thy Displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight I can no more sustain.

3 My Flesh is one continu'd Wound, Thy Wrath so fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt my Bones have no repose.
4 My Sins which to a Deluge swell, my sinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear too vast a Burden grow.

5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds; my Folly's just Return,
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd, and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins, infecting ev'ry Part:
8 With Sickness worn, I groan and roar, thro' Anguish of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes all my Desires appear:
And sure my Groans have been too loud, not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppress, my Strength decay'd, my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen gaze aloof on such a dismal Sight.

12 Mean while the Foes that seek my Life, their Snares to take me set:
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day to forge some new Deceit.

13 But

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose Tongue with conscious Guilt is ty'd.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, my Innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou the righteous God, my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes "a spiteful Joy display,
"Insulting if they see my Foot, "but once to go astray."

17 And with continual Grief oppress, to think I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess, to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they who hate me without Cause, are grown a dreadful Host.

20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return my Kindness with Despite;
And are my Enemies, because I choose the Path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God, nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my Relief, O thou, who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways, I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty Words when I the prosp'rous Wicked saw.
2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood, and did my Tongue refrain
From good Discourse; but that Restraint increas'd by inward Pain.

3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts did hot and restless make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire, till thus at length I spake;
4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days, how soon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose which this frail State attend.

5 My Life, thou know'st is but a Span, a Cypher sums my Years;
And ev'ry Man in best Estate, but Vanity appears.
6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly Walks, with fruitless Cares oppress'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7 Why then should I on worthless Toys with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone my stedfast Hope shall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me scorn'd by foolish Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not, because 'twas done by thee.

10 The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath in Mercy soon remove;
Lest my frail Flesh too weak to bear the heavy Load should prove.
11 For when thou chast'nest Man for Sin, thou mak'st his Beauty fade,
(So vain a Thing is he) like Cloth by fretting Moths decay'd.

12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears, and listen to my Prayer;
Who sojourn like a Stanger here, as all my Fathers were.
13 O spare me yet a little Time, my wasted Strength restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence, and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord, 'till he vouchsaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford, and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2 He took me from the dismal Pit, when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet, and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.

3 The Wonders he for me has wrought shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;
And others, to his Worship brought, to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
4 For Blessings shall that Man reward who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Disregard, and hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.

5 Who

5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount, which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The Treasures of thy Love surmount the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech and Thought.
6 I've learn'd that thou hast not desir'd Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd, for Man's Transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come—come to fulfil the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will; thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Assemblies I have told thy Truth and Righteousness at large:
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips with-hold from utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
10 Nor kept within my Breast confin'd, thy Faithfulness and saving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love for all design'd, that all might that and Truth embrace.

11 Then let these Mercies I declar'd to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy Loving-Kindness my Reward, thy Truth my safe Protection be.
12 For I with Troubles am distrest, too vast and numberless to bear;
Nor less with Loads of Guilt oppress, that plunge and sink me to Despair.

As soon, alas! may I recount the Hairs on this afflicted Head:
My vanquisht Courage they surmount, and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near, for never was more pressing Need!
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
14 Confusion on their Heads return, who to destroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile Design.

15 Their Doom let Desolation be, with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee, and Sport of my Affliction made.
16 While those who humbly seek thy Face to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving Grace, with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.

17 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor, of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
Thou, God, who only can'st restore, to my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the Man, whose tender Care relieves the Poor distrest:
When he's by Troubles compass'd round, the Lord shall give him Rest.
2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd, In Safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the Will of those that seek to do him Wrong.

3 If he in languishing Estate oppress with Sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his Bed, and inward Strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my Pray'r address'd;
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul, "tho' I have much transgress'd;

5 My cruel Foes, with sland'rous Words, attempt to wound my Fame;
"When shall he die (say they) and Men "forget his very Name?"
6 Suppose they formal Visits make, it's all but empty Show;
They gather Mischief in their Hearts, and vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private Whispers, such as these, to hurt me they devise;
"A sore Disease afflicts him now, "he's fall'n, no more to rise."
9 My own familiar Bosom Friend, on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily Guest he was, with open Scorn defy'd.

10 But thou, my sad and wretched State, in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their Crimes may meet their just Reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear is open when I call;
Because thou suffer'st not my Foes to triumph in my Fall.

22 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life from Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill before thy glorious Face.
23 Let therefore Iſr'el's Lord and God from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe with loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams when heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee, and thy refreſhing Grace,
2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face, thou Majeſty divine!

3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God? "and where his promis'd Aid?"
4 I ſigh when-e'er my muſing Thoughts thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends thy Temple did frequent.

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe, my ſolemn Vows to pay,
And led the lawful ſacred Throng that kept the Feſtal Day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul? truſt God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; and change theſe Sighs to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks on thee and Sion ſtill;
From Jordan's Bank, from Herman's Heights and Miſſar's humbler Hill.
7 One Trouble calls another on, and burſting o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul a roaring Sea is ſpread.

8 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life, has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing, and all my Vows perform.
9 God of my Strength, how long ſhall I like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd to my Oppreſſor's Scorn.

10 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword, whilſt thus my Foes upbraid,
"Vain Boaſter where is now thy God? "and where his promis'd Aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul? hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him who is thy God, thy Health's eternal Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my God from thoſe that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay, why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day, whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?

3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt, be theſe my Guides, and lead the Way;
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt, and in thy ſacred Temple pray,
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.

5 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why ſo much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely, who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes of thy avenging Hand.

3 For, not their Courage, nor their Sword, to them Poſſeſſion gave,
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force their fainting Troops could ſave:
But thy Right-hand and pow'rful Arm, whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race, who thy great Name ador'd.

4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd, thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them, to us Deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms the proudeſt Foes ſhall quell,
And cruſh 'em with repeated Strokes as oft as they rebel.

6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword, when I in Fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd, and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To thee the Triumph we aſcribe, from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all Day, and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to every upſtart Foe we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt who bear us ancient Spite.

11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep, into their butch'ring Hands:
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves, and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale, but their Diſgrace might grow.

13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round, the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face in conſcious Shame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n, all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name, or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept our Heart and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength, and we almoſt deſpair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name, on other Gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts the treach'rous Crime deſcry;
22 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy Sake, we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep appointed to be ſlain.

23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to thee, for ever ſue in vain.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy Face from our afflicted State?
25 Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth, with Grief's oppreſſive Weight.

26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely haſte to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,——if not for ours, yet for thy Mercy's Sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe, indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchleſs is thy Form, O King! thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee eternally beſtows.

3 Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince, and clad thy rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r majeſtic Pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in State, and ſtill protect the Meek, the Juſt and True;
Whilſt thy Right-hand with ſwift Revenge does all thy Foes purſue.

5 How ſharp thy Weapons are to them that dare thy Pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart the feather'd Arrow goes.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway ſhall always laſt, by righteous Laws ſecure.

7 Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led, did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths where wand'ring Sinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round advanc'd thy loſty Head.

8 With Caſſia, Aloes and Myrrh thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand, In Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear, and to my Words attend;
Forget thy Native Country now, and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King, nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord, to him due Rev'rence pay.

12 The Tyrian Matrons rich and proud ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold, adorn'd with coſtly Skill.

14 She in her Nuptial Garment dreſs'd, with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train, ſhall to the King be brought,
15 With all the State of ſolemn Joy the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court receives the pompous Throng.

16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room, muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend to govern and protect.
17 Whilſt this my Song to future Times tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent, thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs, 7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs; Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
In him undaunted we'll confide: Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.

2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt, 8 Come, ſee the Wonders he hath wrought,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt. On Earth what Deſolation brought;
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide. 9 How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the Warlike Spear and Bow;
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill With them the thund'ring Chariots too
The City of our Lord ſhall fill, Into devou'ring Flames were hurl'd.
The Royal Seat of God moſt high:

5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair Tow'rs 10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
Shall mock th'Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs, For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh. And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs,

6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd, 11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd, Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
He thund'er'd and diſpers'd their As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.
Pow'rs:

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye People, clap your Hands, and with triumphant Voices ſing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands of God the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell, and with Succeſs our Battles fight,
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell, the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.

5, 6 God

5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King, with Shouts of Joy and Trumpets Sound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing, and let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown, for him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne, and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathens Lands.

9 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence t'adore the God of Ab'ram came,
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence, How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion on whoſe happy Mount His ſacred Throne is rais'd.
2 Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth, with beauteous Proſpect riſe:
On her North-ſide th' Almighty King's Imperial City lies.

3 God in her Palaces is known, his Preſence is her Guard.
4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege, and of Succeſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled, with Grief and Terror ſtruck,
6 Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs of Travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched Crew of Mariners appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarſhiſh wealthy Coaſts, by Eaſtern Winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have ſeen perform'd a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come, his City will uphold.

9 Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls, did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple ſix'd for Hopes in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy Sov'reign Name, thy Praiſe thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides, chaſtiſes or defends.

11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy reſound, her Daughters all be taught,
In Songs his Judgments to extol, who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn Pomp, your Eyes quite round her caſt;
Count all her Tow'rs, and ſee if there you find one Stone diſplac'd.

13 Her Forts and Palaces ſurvey, obſerve their Order well;
That with Aſſurance, to her Heirs, this Wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilſt we in him confide;
Who as he has preſerv'd us now, 'till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning World attend, and my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor, with joint Conſent give Ear.
3 My Mouth with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd, ſhall good Advice impart,
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts, digeſted in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Senſe, I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing dark Words of deep Deſign.
5 Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners that would me ſupplant have compaſs'd me about?

6 Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt in Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee their ill-got Wealth increaſe.
7 Are yet unable from the Grave their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by Force of coſtly Bribes reverſe God's firm Decree.

8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit, the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant, that Man ſhould never die.
10 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt, nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death their Wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt, in Lands which by their Names they call;
12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot, how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is, who thus abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd, repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led, the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty, while the Juſt rejoice, within the Grave ſhall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my Soul, and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free, and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly Men in envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe, with State and Honour crown'd.

17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by Death, they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp within the Grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their State was bleſt, caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare,
Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe, and of themſelves take care.

19 In their Foreſather's Steps they tread; and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they in endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his State, unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As, like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives, ſo, like a Beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light, till Day declines;
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.

3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence as before;
But waſting Flames before him ſend;
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care;
(The Heav'n his Juſtice ſhall declare,
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.)

7 Attend my People, Iſra'l, hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer, I'll appear;
Thy God, the only God am I;
8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept;
10 The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
That on a thouſand Hills are kept.

11 I know the Fowls that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls, and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?
14 The Sacrifices I require
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows which ſtricteſt Care make good.

15 In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
16 But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?

17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:

18 When

18 When thou a ſubtle Thief did ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.

19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by envy mov'd, and Spite,
Deceitful Tales doth hourly ſpread:
20 Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed:

21 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
23 Who praiſes me due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
Let me oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee

4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born

6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
In ſecret did with Wiſdom's Laws,
7 With Hyſſop, purge me, Lord,
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,

8 Make me to hear with Joy,
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,
Create in me a Heart that's clean,

as thou wert ever kind;
thy wonted Mercy find.
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
how great my Guilt has been.

and only in thy Sight.
muſt own thy Judgments right.
of all this ſinful Frame;
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

doth inward Truth require,
my tender Soul inſpire.
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
when purify'd by thee.

thy kind forgiving Voice;
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
nor me in Anger view;
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou my Help,
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
12 The Joy thy Favour gives
And thy free Spirit's firm Support

13 So I thy righteous Ways
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell

15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
16 Could Sacrifice atone,
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt

17 A broken Spirit is
By him a broken contrite Heart
18 Let Sion Favour find,
And thy own City flouriſh long,

19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind

nor caſt me from thy Sight;
its everlaſting Flight.
let me again obtain;
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.

to Sinners will impart,
to thy juſt Laws convert.
my Saviour and my God;
thy righteous Acts abroad.

with Sorrow clos'd and Shame;
to all the World proclaim,
whoſe Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
to caſt a gracious Eye.

by God moſt highly priz'd;
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

and pleaſing Tribute pay:
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM

PSALM LII, LIII, LIV, LV.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might, thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill:
Since God, the God in whom I truſt, vouchſafe's his Favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked Tongue doth ſland'rous Tales maliciouſly deviſe:
And ſharper than a Razor ſet, it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good, on Lyes than Truth employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes, and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-Place permit, nor in the World to ſtay.

6 The Juſt, with pious Fear, ſhall ſee the Downfall of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh, and thus thy Fall deride:
7 "See there the Man that haughty was, "who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill "on wicked Arts rely'd."

8 But I am like thoſe Olive-Plants, that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulgent Grace to be for ever crown'd.
9 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God, extol thy wond'rous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait; for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe that God is but a Name:
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows ſince Virtue all diſclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r the Sons of Men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r, or Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all he ſaw, were backwards gone, degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat, and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?

5 Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow; and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his Hand ſhall throw their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ, to break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy ſhould eccho through the Land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name, and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe, accept my Pray'r, and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God againſt my Soul combin'd.

4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends, and he's the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes their Falſhood's juſt Reward;
6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring, and Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my Time to come. delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs the Lord hath ſet me free;
Thro' him ſhall I of all my Foes the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the Earth, and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn thy glorious Face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint, and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud, how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate againſt my Fame engage.

4, 5 My

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul with deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round with Horror quite oppreſt.

6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I the Dove's ſweet Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight, and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence, and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent, this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns, their Counſels ſoon divide:
For through the City my griev'd Eyes have Strife and Rapine 'ſpy'd.
10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall they walk'd their conſtant Round;
And in the Midſt of all her Strength, are Grief and Miſchief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam, will freſh Diſorders meet;
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts maintain in ev'ry Street,
12 For 'twas not any open Foe that falſe Reflections made;
For then I could with Eaſe have borne the bitter Things he ſaid:

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt, that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend, whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt, whoſe Pray'rs were mix'd with mine

15 Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes ſuch Traitors muſt ſurpriſe;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills, they wickedly deviſe!
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray, and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends my righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my Help of old, ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend, and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words, their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil, and yet like Swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend, and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood, ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Days on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO thou, O God, in Mercy help, for Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs, he daily Striſe renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful Foes to ruin me combine;
Thou ſee'ſt, who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high, what mighty Numbers join.

3 But tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear, (on Danger's firſt Alarm)
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend on thy Almighty Arm.
4 God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe, on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him, the Arm of Fleſh deſy.

5 They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak a Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all with reſtleſs Spite, on my Deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine, and wicked Projects lay;
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait, to make my Soul their Prey.

7 Shall

7 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape? O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd) this impious Race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring Steps, ſince firſt compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up, and regiſter'd by thee.

9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid, my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God my righteous Cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe the Force that Man can raiſe:
12 To thee, O God, my Vows are due, to thee I'll render Praiſe:

13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death; and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd, and make my Footſteps ſure.
That thus protected by thy Pow'r, I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God my length'ned Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend, On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wings for Shelter haſte; 'Till this outragious Storm is paſt.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I'll fly, Thou ſov'reign Judge and God moſt high:
Who Wonders haſt for me begun, And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm, And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm;
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend, And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage Men converſe, Like angry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their Words Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high; And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd, 'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their Net prepar'd, And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree, Into the Pit they made for me.

7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe To thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute, No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take, Will with the early Dawn awake.

9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends, Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high; And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd, Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth, if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal to Heav'n from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes to Violence betray'd.

3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb, their Infant-ſteps went wrong?
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed does ranker Poiſon bear;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon unlock his ſullen Ear.

5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf as Adders they remain;
From whom the ſkilful Charmer's Voice can no Attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage, and timely break their Pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing Lion's Jaws, ere practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their Inſolence, at Height, like ebbing Tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim, when they their Bow have bent.

8 Like

8 Like Snails let them diſſolve to Slime:
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
like haſty Births become,
and dead within the Womb.

9 Ere Thorns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
From God, and ſnatch 'em hence alive,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come
to their eternal Doom.
10 The Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood,
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet,
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.

11 Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
And own a God, whoſe Juſtice will
juſt Men Rewards obtain;
the guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
from all my ſpiteful Foes;
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked Race,
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men.
who make a Trade of Ill;
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt
againſt my Life combine:
for no Offence of mine.
4 In haſte they run about, and watch
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
my guiltleſs Life to take:
and to my Help awake!

5 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, and Iſr'el's God,
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs:
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
While others thro' the City range,
like growling Dogs they meet;
and ranſack ev'ry Street.

7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing dares
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords;
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their baffled Plots deride;
their boaſted heathen Pride.

9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
for Succour I depend:
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
from Danger ſet me free,
My haughty Foes to me.

11 Deſtroy 'em not, O Lord, at once,
Leſt we, ingrateſully, too ſoon
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe 'em thro' the Nations round
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,
by thy avenging Pow'r.
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12 Now, in the Height of all their Hopes,
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without Reſtraint,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe;
and Curſes join'd with Lyes.
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their Race endures,
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt Doom
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
may Iſr'el's God confeſs.

14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
Still wander all the City round,
like growling Dogs to meet,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
for Hunger let them ſtray,
defeated of their Prey.

16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
For thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
17 To thee with never-ceaſing Praiſe,
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
O God, my Strength, I'll ſing;
my Health and Safety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1 O God, who haſt our Troops diſperſt,
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand, Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O heal the Breaches thou haſt made, We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3 Our Follies ſad Effects we feel, For drunk with Diſcord's Cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect: Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct!
6 The Holy God has ſpoke; and I O'er-joy'd on his firm Word rely.

To thee in Portions I'll divide Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join, And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7 Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe, And Judah by religious Laws.

8 Moab, my Slave and Drudge ſhall be Nor Edom from my Yoke get free:
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell thoſe mighty Pow'rs, And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs;
Or thro' her guarded Frontiers tread The Path that doth to Conqueſt lead?

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt Our Troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in Wrath forſake, Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain, For human Succours are but vain.
12 Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows, 'Tis he treads down our proudeſt Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r, which I, oppreſt with Grief,
2 From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs to thee for kind Relief:
O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach of perſecuting Pow'r,
3 Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes, haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.

4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts ſecure from Dangers lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings, all future Storms defy.
5 In ſign my Vows are heard, once more I o'er thy Choſen reign;
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life, the King thou did'ſt ordain.

7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign accepted in thy Sight,
And let thy Truth and Mercy both in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe, thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies, From him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies, To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

3 How long will ye contrive my Fall, Which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall, Or Fence of uncemented Stone.

4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs They ſtrive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bleſs, In private Curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely; On him alone, thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health with Strength ſupply, To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe, And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence, On him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye People, always truſt, Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God the Merciful and Juſt, His timely Aid to us imparts.

9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail; The Great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in Truth's impartial Scale, The lighteſt Things will both out-weigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways, By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe, Be ſet too much upon your Gain.

11 For

11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd
12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
Yet will he all the human Race
And I this Truth hath fully known;
Belongs of Right to God alone.
In which he chiefly takes Delight,
According to their Works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to thee
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be:
For thee my thirſting Soul does pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.

2 O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy Majeſtic Houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love,
Than Life itſelf does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ,
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As theirs whoſe choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.

6 When down I lie, ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind,
And when I wake in Dead of Night:
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
I reſt with Safety and Delight.

8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the Righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
That ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie:
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy;
Who ſwears by thee ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint, to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes, and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe, and all their Plots deſeat.

3 See how intent to work my Harm, they whet their Tongues like Swords
And bend their Bows, to ſhoot their Darts, ſharp Lyes, and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot, quite void of Fear and Shame.

5 To carry on their ill Deſigns, they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares, and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care their wicked Plots they lay:
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts are only to betray.

7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd, his dreadful Bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's point ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent, upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.

9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilſt righteous Men by God ſecur'd in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe And all our zealous Vows complete.
2 O thou, who to my humble Prayer Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To thee ſhall all Mankind repair, And at thy gracious Throne appear.

PSALM LXVI.

3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain, And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.
4 Bleſt is the Man, who near thee plac'd, Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humbler Diſtance taſte The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt, Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt Nations truſt, And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6,7 God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills, And does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he ſtills, And angry Crowds tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay, When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day, Each others Track by Turns purſue.
9 From out thy unexhauſted Store Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before, With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10 On riſing Ridges, down it pours, And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs In which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.

11 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year With freſh returns of Plenty crown:
And where thy glorious Paths appear, Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.

12 They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd By them to Paſtures freſh and green:
The Hills about in Order rang'd, In beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.
13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plentious Crop of full ear'd Corn, And ſeem for Joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy to God their Voices raiſe;
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name, and ſpread his glorious Praiſe.
3 And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord, in all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy ſtubborn Foes ſhall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round ſhall thee their Good confeſs;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread of thy great Name expreſs.
5 O come, behold the Works of God, and then with me, you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men, has wond'rous Judgments ſhown.

6 He made the Sea become dry Land, thro' which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his Might with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules; his Eyes the World ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous Man rebel againſt his ſov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bleſs our God, and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into Straits, where we oppreſſing Burdens bore.

12 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves, thro' Fire and Water chace;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-Off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring, and there my Vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make in Trouble's diſmal Day.

15 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke, the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold, and Bullocks from the Stall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord, attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done, with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18 As

17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
so now I praiſe his Name;
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim,
his gracious Ear did bend;
with conſtant Love attend.

20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
who never, when I pray,
nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pays,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
on all thy Saints to ſhine:
may thro' the World be known;
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
to celebrate thy Fame;
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth,
ſhall govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
to celebrate thy Fame;
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
which God, our God, beſtows.

7 Then God upon our Land
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſt ſurpriſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;
Who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.

2 As ſmoke in Tempeſt's Rage is loſt,
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt
Or Wax into the Furnace caſt,
Before his wrathful Preſence waſte.

3 But let the Servants of his Will
Their upright Hearts let Gladneſs fill,
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raiſe,
In him rejoice, extol his Praiſe,
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
Jehovah's awful Name he bears,
Who rides upon high rolling Spheres.

5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil,
Makes Captives free, and fruitleſs Toil
To this low World Compaſſion draws,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cauſe.
Reſtores poor Exiles to their Home,
Their proud Oppreſſors righteous Doom.

7 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead,
Strange Terrors thro' the Deſart ſpread,
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain diſtil,
How then ſhall Sinai's humble Hill,
In Perſon, Lord, our Armies forth,
Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
And Heav'n's high Arches ſhook with Fear:
Of Iſr'el's God the Preſence bear?

9 Thy Hand at famiſht Earth's Complaint,
And when thy Heritage was faint,
10 Where Savages had rang'd before,
And in the Deſart, for the Poor,
Reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores; ('rs.
Aſſwag'd the Drought with plenteous Show-
At Eaſe thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'ſt the Word, we ſally'd forth,
While Virgin troops with Songs of Mirth
12 Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
In State our Conqueſt did proclaim.
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
And to our Women left the Spoil.

13 Tho' Egypt's Drudges you have been,
As Doves in Golden Sun-shine seen,
14 'Twas so when God's Almighty Hand
Our Troops drawn up on Jordan's Strand,

15 From thence to Jordan's farther Coast,
No more her Height shall Bashan boast,
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
For Sion is his chosen Seat,

17 His Chariots numberless, his Pow'rs
His Presence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
18 Ascending high, in Triumph thou
And on thy People didst bestow

Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
To worship at thy Dwelling-Place,
19 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,

21 But Justice for his harden'd Foes
To wound the hoary Head of those
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder spoke;
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,

23 " Their Feet shall with a Crimson Flood
" Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,

Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won;
High Salmon's glitt'ring Snow out-shone.

And Bashan's Hill we did advance:
But that she's God's Inheritance.
Should this, O Mountains, swell your Pride;
Where he for ever will reside.

Are heav'nly Hosts that wait his Will;
As once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
Captivity hast Captive led
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

And humble Proselytes repair
And all the World pay Homage there.
Be daily his great Name ador'd;
Of Life and Death the sov'reign Lord.

Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
Who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.
" As I subdu'd proud Bashan's King,
" And from the Deep my Servants bring.

" Of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
" But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24 When marching to thy blest Abode,
The pompous State of thee O God,
25 Sweet-singing Levites led the Van,
Between both Troops a Virgin Train

26 This was the Burden of their Song,
" All, who to Isr'el's Tribes belong,
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
Nor only Judah's nearer Throne,

But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
(The grand Procession to compleat)
28 Thus God to Strength & Union brought
This Work, which thou, O God, hast wrought,

29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
30 Break down the Spearmen's Ranks, who threat
Their Silver'd-armour'd Chiefs defeat,

31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
32 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
33 Who mounted on the loftiest Sphere
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,

34 Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most high,
Whose Strength from out the dusky Sky
35 How dreadful are the sacred Courts,
His Strength his feeble Saints supports;

The wond'ring Multitude survey'd
In Robes of Majesty array'd."
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear;
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear:

" In full Assemblies bless the Lord,
" The God of Isr'el's Praise record."
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend.
Her Counsellors in State did send.

And Naphthali's more distant Coast,
Sent up their Tribes a princely Host.
Our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour;
Confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

And Sion thy terrestrial Throne;
And thee with offer'd Crowns atone.
Like pamper'd Herds of savage Might,
Who in destructive War delight.

Her Hands, and Afric Homage bring:
Their common Sov'reign's Praises sing.
Of ancient Heav'n, sublimely rides;
Like that of warning Winds and Tides.

Of humble Isr'el he takes Care;
Darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
To God give Praise, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from Waves that roll, And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread, And Deluges o'erflow my Head,
3 With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint, My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint,
My Sight decays with tedious Pain, Whilſt for my Good I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs, tho' numerous, are but few, Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might To execute their lawleſs Spite,
They force, me guiltleſs, to reſign As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence doſt ſee, Nor are my Sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care, Leſt for my Sake thy Saints deſpair;
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame,
8 A Stranger to my Country grown; Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn By Brethren of my Mother born.

9 For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name Conſumes me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee, More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10 My very Tears and Abſtinence They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe;
11 When cloth'd with Sackcloth for their ſake, They me their common Proverb make.

12 Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſt, Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How ſhould I then expect to be From Libels of lewd Drunkards free.
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair For Help with humble timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store, Diſplay thy Truth's deſerving Pow'r.

14 From threat'ning Dangers me relieve, And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep, And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15 Controul the Deluge e'er it ſpread, And roll its Waves above my Head;
Nor deep Deſtruction's yawning Pit To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make, For thy tranſcending Goodneſs Sake;
Relieve the Supplicant once more From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face; Make haſte, for deſp'rate is my Caſe:
18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe, And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn, I from my Enemies have born,
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite, Or darkeſt Plots eſcape thy Sight.
20 Reproach & Grief have broke my Heart, I look'd for ſome to take my Part;
To pity or relieve my Pain, But look'd (alas!) for both in vain!

21 With Hunger pin'd for Food I call, Inſtead of Food, they gave me Gall;
And when with Thirſts my Spirits ſink, They gave me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their Health Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes, And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.

24 On them thou ſhalt thy Fury pour, Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour,
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell, Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd, For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.

27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray, Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul, Nor with the Juſt their Names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſt and poor, Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim, And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice;
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee, And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint, Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint;
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe, And all the World reſound his Praiſe.

35 For God will Sion's Walls erect, Fair Judah's Cities he'll protect,
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36 This Bleſſing they ſhall, at their Death, To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs Ages more, Of ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O Lord, to my Relief draw near, for never was more preſſing Need;
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confuſion on their Heads return, who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn, enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

3 Their Doom let Deſolation be, with Shame their Malice be repa'd.
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee, and Sport of my Afflictions made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face, to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace with me ſhall ſing, The Lord be prais'd.

5 Thus wretched tho' I am and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care,
Thou God, who only can'ſt reſtore, to my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt, defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul, for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my ſtrong abiding Place, to which I may reſort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe; thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men protect and ſet me free,
For from my earlieſt Youth 'till now my Hope has been in thee.
6 Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard my tender infant Days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb, to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

7, 8 While ſome on me with Wonder gaze, thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praiſe my Mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord, when I with Age decay,
Forſake me not, when worn with Years, my Vigour fades away.

10 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me, with crafty Malice ſpeak;
Againſt my Soul, they lay their Snares, and mutual Counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now, on whom he did rely:
Purſue and take him, whilſt no Hope of timely Aid is nigh.

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for ſpeedy Help I call;
13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes that ſeek to work my Fall.
14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe, my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all, tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his Support, I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim, and mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth to praiſe thy glorious Name?
And ever ſince thy wond'rous Works have been my conſtant Theme.

18 Then

18 Then now forſake me not when I am gray and feeble grown,
'Till I to theſe and future Times, thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.

19 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God! how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done! who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy Hand had ſorely preſs'd, thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe with tender Care retrieve.

21 Thro' thee my Time to come ſhall be with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd,
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt, thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Therefore with Pſaltery and Harp thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's Race, my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by thee redeem'd ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes, and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son throughout his Reign thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him their juſt Protector find.

3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be the Work of Righteouſneſs;
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy Race ſhall rule with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks ſhall take oppreſſive Yokes away.

5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure, or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain that chears the Meadows ſecond Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops refreſh the thirſty Earth.

7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good ſhall be with Favour crown'd,
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry where with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontrol'd Dominion ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrate's Streams, at Nature's Limits end.

9 To him the ſavage Nations round ſhall bow their ſervile Heads,
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt where he his Conqueſts ſpreads.
10 The Kings of Tarſhiſh and the Iſles ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come, and wealthy Saba's King.

11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth his humble Homage pay,
And diff'ring Nations gladly join to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the Needy free, when they for Succour cry,
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor, and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls, ſhall due Supplies prepare:
And over their defenceleſs Lives ſhall watch with tender Care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls, from Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood of mighty Price ſhall be.

15 Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign to many Years extend,
Whilſt Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay, and golden Preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made, thro' all his proſp'rous Days,
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford a laſting Theme of Praiſe.

16 Of uſeful Grain, thro' all the Land, great Plenty ſhall appear;
A Handful ſown on Mountain Tops a mighty Crop ſhall bear.
Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds, a rattling Noiſe ſhall yield;
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie for Plenty with the Field.

17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World ſhall be completely bleſt,
And his unbounded Happineſs by ev'ry Tongue confeſt.

18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Iſr'el fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works, beyond compare appears,
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd; for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World their good Aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all, whoſe Hearts are pure & clean, ſhall his proteſting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew, my flagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view, and envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend, and whilſt they live are hale and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend, which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held, and Rapine ſeem their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out with Fatneſs ſwell'd, they grow beyond their Wiſhes great.

8, 9 With Hearts corrupt and lofty Talk, oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk, their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.
10 And yet admiring Crowds are found, who ſervile Viſits duly make,
Becauſe with Plenty they abound, of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue, till they with them prophanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our Actions view, "Can he perceive who dwells ſo high?"
12 Behold the Wicked! theſe are they who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day, and all their Actions meet Succeſs.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my Heart (ſaid I) and waſh'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie, and ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain.
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend; but if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend, and baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent, but found the Caſe too hard for me,
'Till to the Houſe of God I went, then I their End did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all on ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall, caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate! deſpis'd by thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorns do treat the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſs'd, my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt, who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd, and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave,
Thou firſt ſhalt with my Counſel guide, and then to Glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone, have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none that I beſides thee can deſire.

26 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart, and my eternal Portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove, ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall;
If after other Gods they rove, thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my Truſt, and will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God! wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen Flock, does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord, the Land that is thy own;
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount, where once thy Glory ſhone.

3 O come, and view our ruin'd State! how long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage has laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name; where late thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp, their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings which did once advance the Artiſt's Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy, like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt; and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd, and quite defac'd. tho' ſacred to thy Name.

8 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy, maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt no tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-hand? and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth, ſo calmly let's it reſt?

12 Thou heretofore, with kingly Pow'r, in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wand'ring World, haſt great Salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the Sea by thy own Strength divide;
Thou break'ſt the wat'ry Monſter's Head, thy Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all, that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway;
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt the Waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'ſt thro' parting Streams thy wand'ring People go.

16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine the black return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun, and ev'ry feebler Light:
17 By thee the Borders of the Earth in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, the Winter's Cold, attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning Turtle-Dove, by ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor. for evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O let not the Oppreſt return, with Sorrow cloath'd and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor for ever Praiſe thy Name.

22 Ariſe,

22 Arise, O God, in our Behalf,
Remember how insulting Fools
23 Make thou the Boastings of thy Foes
Whose Insolence, if unchastis'd,
thy Cause and ours maintain;
each Day thy Name prophane!
for ever, Lord, to cease;
will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO thee, O God, my tender Praise,
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
2 In Isr'el when my Throne is fix'd,
3 The Land with Discord shakes, but I
to thee with Thanks repair:
thy wond'rous Works declare.
with me shall Justice reign:
the sinking Frame sustain.

4 Deluded Wretches I advis'd
And warn'd bold Sinners that they should
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn
their Errors to redress,
their swelling Pride suppress.
no Pow'r could yours restrain;
to speak with less Disdain.

6 For that Promotion, which to gain
From neither East nor West, nor yet
7 For God the great Disposer is,
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
your vain Ambition strives,
from Southern Climes arrives.
and sov'reign Judge alone,
the Humble to a Throne.

8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
with Purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
deals out to Nations round,
but wicked Men shall squeeze
to drink the very Lees.

9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
The Justice then of Jacob's God,
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
this Message will relate;
my Song shall celebrate.
their Cruelty disarm!
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in Salem stands,
Their Majesty that Heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There slain the mighty Army lay;
4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil.
Securely down to Sleep they lay,
But wak'd no more; their stoutest Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand
'Gainst his that did their Legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horse, and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night:
7 When thou, whom Heav'n and Earth revere,
Dost once with wrathful Look appear,
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight.

8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom, (come,
Grew hush'd with Fear, when thou didst
9 The Meek with Justice to restore;
10 The Wrath of Man shall yield thee Praise,
Its last Attempts but serve to raise
the Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Presents to the Eternal King;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudest Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII, LXXVIII.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help did graciouſly appear;
In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought my God with humble Pray'r.
2 All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run, no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no comfort would admit, my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3 I thought on God, and Favours paſt, but that increas'd my Pain;
I found my Spirit more oppreſt, the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs I ſigh but cannot ſpeak.

5 I call to mind the Days of old with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous Years of ancient Times, for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs on former Triumphs made,
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever caſt us off? Withdrawn his Favours quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget its wonted Aids to bring!
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd his Mercy's healing Spring?

10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears, but I'll my Fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the moſt high, and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to mind his Works of old, the Wonders of his Might;
12 On them my Heart ſhall meditate, my Tongue ſhall then recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours? who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of Wonders thee thy reſcu'd People found:
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen Seed with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When thee, O God, the Waters ſaw, the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear, beneath their Channels ſunk.
17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent, wing'd with avenging Fire.

18 Heav'n with thy Thunders Voice was torn, whilſt all the lower World
With Light'nings blaz'd: Earth ſhook and ſeem'd from her Foundations hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way, thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight thy Footſteps can deſcry.

20 Thou led'ſt thy People, like a Flock, ſafe thro' the deſart Land.
By Moſes, their meek ſkilful Guide, and Aaron's ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my People; to my Law devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2 My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught, ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood, and own'd for Truths of old.

3 Which we from ſacred Regiſters of ancient Times have known,
And our Fore-fathers pious Care to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our Sons; our Offſpring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength has Works of Wonders wrought.

5 For Jacob he this Law ordain'd, this League with Iſr'el made,
With Charge, to be from Age to Age, from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come ſhould to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame, and they again to theirs.

7 To

7 To teach 'em that in God alone
That they ſhould ne'er his Works forget,
8 Leſt, like their Fathers they might prove
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's Sons,
And ſkilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
10, 11 They falſify'd their League with God,
Forgot his Works and Miracles

12 Nor Wonders which their Fathers ſaw,
Prodigious Things in Egypt done,
13 He cut the Seas to let them paſs,
While pil'd in Heaps, on either Side,

14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
15 When Drought oppreſt them, where no Stream
He cleft the Rock, whoſe ſtinty Breaſt

16 Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each Day
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
In that ſame Deſart where he did

18 They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
" A Table in the Wilderneſs,

20 " He ſmote the ſtinty Rock, ('tis true)
" But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
21 The Lord with Indignation heard:
On Jacob fell, conſuming Wrath

22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n,
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs

24 Tho' taſteful Manna was rain'd down
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food,
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found

26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt-Wind blow,
27 To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
And all around their ſpreading Camp

29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,

their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
but keep his juſt Commands.
a ſtiff Rebellious Race,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.

who tho' to Warfare bred,
from Field ignobly fled.
his Orders diſobey'd;
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

did they in Mind retain;
and Zoan's fertile Plain.
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
the ſolid Waters ſtood.

compos'd of Shade and Light;
a leading Fire by Night.
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
diſſolv'd into a Tide.

which down in Rivers fell,
renew'd the Miracle.
provoking the moſt High;
their fainting Souls ſupply.

that did his Pow'r diſtruſt,
but to indulge their Luſt.
" Can God, ſay they, prepare
" ſet out with various Fare?

" and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
" for ſuch a Multitude?"
from Heav'n avenging Flame
on thankleſs Iſr'el came.

in God wou'd not confide:
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
Proviſions down in Show'rs;
from his celeſtial Stores.

their Hunger to relieve;
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
ingrateful Man was fed;
a plenteous Table ſpread.

then did the South command,
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
the luſcious eaſy Prey,
their feather'd Booty lay.

their Appetites to feaſt;
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
they did their Dainties chew,
and Iſr'el's Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs Travels he
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,

his Miracles Belief;
conſum'd their Lives in Grief.
to God with early Cry;
their Saviour, God moſt High.

36 But

36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion all, their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave, nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide, or would not let it riſe.

39 For he remember'd they were Fleſh that could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there, how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where he did their fainting Soul relieve?

41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſr'el's God refus'd to be by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day that their Redemption brought;
43 His Signs in Egypt, wond'rous Works in Zoan's Valley wrought.

44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood, that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies, Hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd the Harveſt of their Toil.

47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke, with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet no Time for it to ceaſe;
And, with their Plagues, bad Angels ſent their Torments to increaſe.

50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath to ravage uncontrol'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd in ev'ry Field and Fold,
51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man, from Field and City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes, thro' all the Tents of Ham.

52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep, he brought from their Diſtreſs,
And them conducted like a Flock, throughout the Wilderneſs.
53 He led 'em on, and in their Way, no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe Deeps in which their Foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his Care, 'till them he brought ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize of his victorious Hand.
55 To them the out-caſt Heathen's Land he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents made Iſr'el's Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practice his Commands their ſtubborn Hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs Fathers ſteps perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot from ſome deceitful Bow.

58 For him to Fury they provok'd with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images inflam'd his Jealouſy.
59 When God heard this, on Iſr'el's Tribes, his Wrath and Hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shilo, and the Tents where once he choſe to dwell.

61 To vile Captivity his Ark, his Glory to diſdain,
62 His People to the Sword he gave, nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led, with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell, the Prieſt a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Death ſhould mourn themſelves of Grief were dead.
65 Then, as a Giant, rouz'd from Sleep, whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd, and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66 He ſmote their Hoſts, that from the Field a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs of everlaſting Shame.
67 With Conqueſts crown'd, he, Joſeph's Tents and Ephraim's Tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's Mount for his lov'd dwelling took.

69 His Temple he erected there, with Spires exalted high,
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth, the ſtrong Foundations lie.
70 His faithful Servant David too, he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd to ſit on Judah's Throne.

71 From tending on the teeming Ewes, he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes of Iſr'el's choſen Seed.
72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart, and guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how Heathen Hoſts have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd, thy holy City raz'd.
2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints abroad unbury'd lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts, and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3 Quite thro' Jeruſ'lem was their Blood like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay laſt Duties to the Dead.
4 The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made to all the Nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord, muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage, like Fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign Lands that know not thee, thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r,
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd on Jacob's choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd their fruitful dwelling place.
8 O think not on our former Sins, but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints, almoſt with Sorrow ſpent.

9 Thou God of our Salvation, help, and free our Souls from Blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay, where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd Saints, perceive thee to their Coſt.

11 Lord, hear the ſighing Priſ'ners Moan, thy ſaving Pow'r extend:
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die, from that untimely End.
12 On them, who us oppreſs, let all our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n Times more than what on us they laid.

13 So we, thy People and thy Flock, ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks. from Age to Age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O Iſr'el's Shepherd, Joſeph's Guide, our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride, again in ſolemn State appear.
2 Behold how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
4 O thou whom Heav'nly Hoſts obey, how long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring People pray and to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5 When

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench with Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the Heathen Nations round, as for a common Prey, conteſt;
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound, and at our loſt Condition jeſt.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now, like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a Vine from Egypt's Land, and caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thy own Right-hand, and firmly fix it in their Place.
9 Before it thou prepar'd'ſt the Way, and mad'ſt it take a laſting Root;
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray, o'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.

10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem;
Its Branches to the Seas were ſpread, and reach'd to proud Euphrate's Stream.
12 Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown, which thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
While all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown, are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

13 See how the briſtling Foreſt-Boar with dreadful Fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar, and to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray; thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine ſurvey, and her ſad State with Pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee, which thy Right-hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free, which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey, And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay, And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs, By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs, Whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee, Will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now, Like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength, with loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe to Jacob's awful King.
2 Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps your grateful Skill employ.

3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time, the ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4 For this a Statute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious Care obſerv'd by Iſr'el's choſen Seed.

5 This he for a Memorial fix'd when freed from Egypt's Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard, but could not underſtand.
6 "Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd, (thus ſeems our God to ſay)
"Your ſervile Hands by me were freed "from lab'ring in the Clay.

7 "Your Anceſtors with Wrongs oppreſt, "to me for Aid did call;
"With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw, "and ſet them free from all.
"They fought for me, and from the Cloud "in Thunder I reply'd;
"At Meribah's contentious Stream "their Faith and Duty try'd.

PSALM LXXXII, LXXXIII.

PART II.

8 " While I my ſolemn Will declare,
" my choſen People, hear;
" If thou, O Iſr'el, to my Words
" wilt bend thy liſt'ning Ear;
9 " Then ſhall no God beſides myſelf
" within thy Coaſts be found;
" Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
" of all the Nations round.

10 " The Lord thy God am I, who thee
" brought forth from Egypt's Land;
" 'Tis I that all thy juſt Deſires
" ſupply with lib'ral Hand.
11 " But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
" to hearken to my Voice;
" Nor would rebellious Iſr'el's Sons
" make me their happy Choice."

12 So I, provok'd, reſign'd them up
to ev'ry Luſt a Prey,
And, in their own perverſe Deſigns,
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my People wiſely would
my juſt Commandments heed!
And Iſr'el in thy righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!

14 Then ſhould my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe,
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous Foes.
15 Their Enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my Footſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
ſhall never know an End.

16 All Parts with Plenty ſhall abound;
with fineſt Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe their Taſte,
ſhould richeſt Honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial Eye,
In State ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjuſtly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
let ſuch your Juſtice find.

4 Proteſt the humble helpleſs Man,
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and Truth, the World's Support,
thro' all the Land decay.

6 Well then may God in Anger ſay,
" I've call'd you by my Name;
" I've ſaid y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs.
" of my immortal Fame.
7 " But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
" to ſtrict Account I'll call;
" You all ſhall die like common Men,
" like other Tyrants fall."

8 Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgment, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee!
2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread;
And they that hate thy Saints and thee
lift up their threat'ning Head.

3 Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to deſtroy the choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4 " Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their Nation quite deface;
" That no Remembrance may remain
" of Iſr'el's hated Race,"

5 Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult with one Conſent;
And diſt'ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The Iſhm'elites that dwell in Tents,
with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's Sons our Ruin vow,
with Hagar's Race combin'd.

7 Proud

PSALM LXXXIV.

7 Proud Ammon's Offspring, Gebal too,
The Lords of Paleſtine, and all
8 All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian King
Who with a pow'rful Army aids

with Amalek conſpire;
the wealthy Sons of Tyre:
their firm Ally have got,
th' inceſtuous Race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
To Jabin and proud Siſera,
10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hoſts
And left their Carcaſſes for Dung

as once to Midian came;
at Kiſhon's fatal Stream.
near Endor did confound,
to feed the hungry Ground.

11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
As Zebah and Zalmunnah, ſo
12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
" In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves

of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
let all their Princes fare.
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
" let us God's Houſes take."

13 To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
14, 15 As Flames conſume dry Wood, or Heath
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath

which downwards ſwiftly move:
their ſcatter'd Forces prove,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.

16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
18 So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth

that they may own thy Name;
thy gentler Means diſclaim.
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
hath rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
Where thou, inthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
2 My longing Soul faints with Deſire,
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out

how lovely is the Place
the Brightneſs of thy Face!
to view thy bleſt Abode;
for thee the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
Securely there they build, and there
4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,

around thy Altars throng;
ſecurely hatch their Young.
how highly bleſt are they,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has thee
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
6 Who paſs thro' Baca's thirſty Vale,
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou

their ſure Protection made;
that to thy Dwelling lead!
yet no Refreſhment want;
at their Requeſt doſt grant.

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength
Till all on Sion's holy Mount,
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
Thou God of Jacob, let my Pray'r

and ſtill approach more near;
before their God appear.
my juſt Requeſt regard;
be ſtill with Favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
On thy anointed Servant look,
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides

canſt timely aid diſpenſe;
be thou his ſtrong Defence,
'tis better to attend,
a thouſand Days to ſpend.

Much rather in God's Houſe will I
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
And no good Thing will he with-hold

the meaneſt Office take,
my pompous Dwelling make.
will Grace and Glory give;
from them that juſtly live.

12 Thou God, who heav'nly Hoſts obey,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,

how highly bleſt is he,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV, LXXXVI.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou hast granted to thy Land, the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful Jacob's captive Race hast graciously restor'd.
2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast absolv'd, and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on, nor thy fierce Anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears, thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still and Wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display, which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wond'rous Mercies sake, thy wonted Aid afford.
8 God's Answer patiently I'll wait, for he, with glad Success,
(If they no more to Folly turn) his mourning Saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy Name his sure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State our Nation shall appear.
10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd, and Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long, (Heav'n with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst shall Streams of Justice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodness flows, shall endless Plenty show'r.
13 Before him Righteousness shall march, and his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue, with constant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God, thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distrest and destitute of all Relief but thine!
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul, that does thy Name adore;
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy Mercy, Lord, extend:
4 Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good, but prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those who for thy Mercy sue.

6 To my repeated humble Pray'r, O Lord, attentive be!
7 When troubled I on thee will call, for thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they, as are their Works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator thee the Nations shall adore,
Their long-misguided Pray'rs and Praise to thy blest Name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great the Wonders thou hast done:
Confess thee God, the God supreme, confess thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I from Truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name devoutly fix my Heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God, praise thee with Heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting Name eternal Trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me transcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul from lowest Depths of Hell.
14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife have my Destruction sought,
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft has my Deliv'rance wrought.

15 But

15 But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
Thy kind Proteſtion, Lord, on me

17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief

to my Aſſiſtance bring;
thou everlaſting Spring!
to me thy Servant ſhow;
thine Handmaid's Son beſtow.

may ſee with Shame and Rage,
and Comfort doſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell:
2 His Sion's Gates in his Account,
our Iſr'el's faireſt Tents excel.
3 Fame glorious Things of thee ſhall ſing,
O City of th' Almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due Praiſe,
in Babylon's Applauſes join,
The Fame of Ethiopia raiſe,
with that of Tyre and Paleſtine.
And grant that ſome amongſt them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.

5 But ſtill of Sion I'll aver,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her.
6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſician's ſkill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I By Day and Night addreſs my Cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear, To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear:

3 For Seas of Trouble me invade, My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4 Like one whoſe Strength & Hopes are fled, They number me among the Dead.

5 Like thoſe, who, ſhrouded in the Grave, From thee no more Remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care, Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain, Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt, Too weak, alas! to bear the leaſt.

8 Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone, In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me, Confin'd, paſt Hopes of Liberty.
9 My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe, They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd, Without-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive The Dead whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing, Whom thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs? A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain, When Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn, My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook, Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down, Which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind, And Fears of blacker Days behind.

16 Thy Wrath has burſt upon my Head, Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd, And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all Remov'd from Sight and out of Call,
To dark Oblivion all retir'd, Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song, my Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.

PSALM LXXXIX.

2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain, thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain, like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice, " with David I a League have made,
" To him my Servant and my Choice, " my ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd.
4 " While Earth, and Seas, & Skies endure, " thy Seed ſhall in thy Sight remain;
" To them thy Throne I will enſure, " they ſhall to endleſs Ages reign."

5 For ſuch ſtupend'ous Truth and Love both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above, and by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of celeſtial Birth to vie with Iſr'el's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth, with our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread, his Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread, who his Almighty Name confeſs;
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt of Strength or Pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt, as that which does thy Throne ſurround?

9 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea control, and change the Proſpect of the Deep:
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll, thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in Pieces Rahab's Pride, and didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm:
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd the Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11 In thee the ſov'reign Right remains of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all that it contains, their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt, were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and Hermon, Eaſt and Weſt, in thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoice.

13 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand, yet, Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſt of abſolute Command, thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear thy ſacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear, with thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.

16 Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd, above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance, whoſe Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence, and Iſr'el's God our Iſr'el's King.

19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice, " A mighty Champion I will ſend;
" From Judah's Tribe have I made choice " of one who ſhall the reſt defend,
20 " My Servant David I have found, " with holy Oil anointed him;
21 " Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd, " and guard that gave the Diadem.

22 " No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force " no Son of Striſe ſhall him annoy;
23 " His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe " and them before his Face deſtroy.
24 " My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain; " his Armies in well order'd Ranks,
25 " Shall conquer from the Tyrian Main " to Tygris and Euphrates Banks.

26 " Me for his Father he ſhall take, " his God and Rock of Safety call;
27 " Him I my firſt-born Son will make, " and earthly Kings his Subjects all.
28 " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure, " my Cov'nant make for ever faſt; (laſt.
29 " His Seed for ever ſhall endure, " his Throne, 'till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall

PART II.

30 " But if his Heirs my Law forſake, " and from my ſacred Precepts ſtray,
31 " If they my righteous Statutes break, " nor ſtrictly my Commands obey.
32 " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod, " and for their Folly make them ſmart;
33 " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God, " nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

34 " My

34 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, " but in Remembrance faſt retain;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke " ſhall in eternal Force remain.

35 " Once have I ſworn, but once for all, " and made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall, " nor to my Servant David lie.

36 " Whoſe Throne and Race, the conſtant Sun " ſhall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee;

37 " Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon, " in Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be."

38 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord, but thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhor'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void the Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd, and in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40 Of Strong-holds thou haſt him bereft, and brought his Bulwarks to Decay,
41 His Frontier Coaſt defenceleſs left, a public Scorn and common Prey.

42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield to Foes advanc'd by thee to Might;
43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd, his Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.

44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled, his Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led, with Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.

46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn? wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race, but loading it with Grief and Pain.

48 What Man is he that can controul Death's ſtrict, unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul, the Grave that muſt Mankind intomb?
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace, The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his Race, the Grant which Time ſhould ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy Servants treated are with Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear from Nations of licentious Might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name, have made thy Servant's Hope their Jeſt:
52 Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim, and ever ſing, the Lord be bleſt.
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been our ſure abiding Place.
2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth, or th' Earth and World didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the ſame.

3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt, of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, Return, 'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thouſand Years are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night, whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood, we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howſoever freſh and fair its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite, before the Ev'ning cloſe.

7, 8 We by thine Anger are conſum'd, and by thy Wrath diſmay'd:
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins before thy Sight are laid.

9 Be-

9 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
Our unregarded Years break off,
our drooping Days we ſpend;
like Tales that quickly end.

10 Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
But if, with more than common Strength,
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut.
an Age that few ſurvive;
to Eighty we arrive;
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
does, as he ought, revere?
as more or leſs we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain Sum
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
of our ſhort Days to mind,
may ever be inclin'd.

13 O to thy Servant, Lord, return,
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
and ſpeedily relent!
of our juſt Doom repent.

14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
That we may all our Days to come,
thy early Mercy ſend;
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.

15 Let happy Times, with large Amends,
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
dry up our former Tears;
of our afflicted Years.

16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
And to our Offspring, yet unborn,
thy wond'rous Works be known,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.

17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
The glorious Work we have in Hand
give thou our Work Succeſs;
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
ſhall under the Almighty Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide,

2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:

4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head:
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5 No Terrors, that ſurpriſe by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;

6 Nor Plague of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.

7 A thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:

8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.

9 Becauſe (with well-plac'd Confidence)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;

10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
ſhall give his Angels ſtrict Commands:

12 And they, leſt thou ſhouldſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie,

14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befalls:
Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:

16 And when with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM

PSALM XCII, XCIII, XCIV.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be to thank the Lord most high!
And with repeated Hymns of Praise, his Name to magnify!
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn, his Goodness to relate;
And of his constant Truth each Night, the glad Effects repeat.

3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing, with tuneful Psalt'ries join'd;
And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds, for sacred Use design'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord, thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with chearful Voice.

5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord, how deep are thy Decrees!
Whose winding Tracks in secret laid, no stupid Sinner sees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men, like Grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must for ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high; and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might securely sin, shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r, and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st my consecrated Head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the dismal End of those who have against me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms, shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on Lebanon in stately Order grow.

13, 14 These planted in the House of God, within his Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both shall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew; and God, my strong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd, the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation strongly laid, and the vast Fabric still sustains.
2 How surely stablisht is thy Throne! which shall no Change of Period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, art God from all Eternity.

3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice, and toss the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise, and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure; and they that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure, must still in Holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom Revenge belongs, thy Vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth, and crush thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast? and insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress, but unprovok'd they spill
The Widows and the Strangers Blood, and helpless Orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive, "(prophanely thus they speak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds "the God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants endeavour to discern,
In Folly will you still proceed, and Wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear, or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those who his known Will defy?

11 He

11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men, to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord, in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find in Seaſons of Diſtreſs;
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

14 For God will never from his Saints his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot, he will not quite forſake.
15 The World ſhall then confeſs thee juſt, in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright Ways, ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my Behalf, when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs, my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept, but that the Lord was near,
To ſlay me when I ſlipt; when ſad, my troubled Heart to chear.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt, their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence their wicked Ends to gain?
21 Againſt the Lives of righteous Men they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill, in ſolemn League combine.

22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord moſt High;
He is my Rock, to which I may for Refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off, our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte, To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs, The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State, Is, with unrival'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all, Whom, by his Title, God we call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand, Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The ſtrength of Hills that threat the ſkies Subjected to his Empire lies.

5 The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand, That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.
6 O let us to his Courts repair, And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he, His Flock and Paſture-ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near, To-Day, if you his Voice will hear.
8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they In Deſart Plains of Meribah!

9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd, And me with freſh Temptations prov'd;
They ſtill, thro' Unbelief, rebell'd, While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10, 11 They, forty Years, my Patience griev'd, Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;
Then—'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid, Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd;

They ne'er will tread my righteous Path, Therefore to them in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſwear, That they ſhall never enter there.

PSALM

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majesty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
5 For Pageantry and Idols all,
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only rules who made the Skies.
6 With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty & Strength his Throne surround;

7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
8 Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banisht Justice will restore;
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out, with awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take:
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to reward and Doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth in his just Government rejoice:
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth, in his Applause unite their Voice.
2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade his dazling Glory shroud in State;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made, and fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

3 Devouring Fire before his Face, his Foes around with Vengeance strook;
4 His Lightnings set the World on Blaze. Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
5 The proudest Hills his Presence felt, their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt in Presence of th' Almighty Lord.

6 The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show, with Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd:
And all the trembling World below, have his descending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Host, who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boast, to him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy Triumph heard, and Judah's Daughters were o'erjoy'd:
Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord, have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high, above Earth's Potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky, Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire, abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire, and them from wicked Hands redeem.
11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light, a future Harvest for the Just;
And Gladness for the Heart that's right, to recompense his pious Trust.

12 Rejoice, ye Righteous in the Lord, Memorials of his Holiness,
Deep in your faithful Breasts record, and with your thankful Tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song, who wond'rous Things has done;
With his Right-hand and holy Arm the Conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has thro' th' aſtoniſht World diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear in all the Heathens Sight.

3 Of Iſr'el's Houſe his Love and Truth have ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r of Iſr'el's God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy, reſound their Maker's Praiſe.

5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody, into the Conſort bring,
6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornets Sound, before the Almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy, with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants join Conſort with the Main.

8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams, to ſpreading Torrents they;
And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill, redoubled Shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the World's great Judge, who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity, both to Reward and Doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs Wings he ſits enthron'd: let Earth's Foundation ſhake.
2 On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court, his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sovereignty extends ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might, his Holineſs proclaim.
4 For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign, of Strength and Pow'r take Place;
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs diſpens'd to Jacob's Race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might, his Holineſs extol.
6 Moſes and Aaron thus of old, among his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets Samuel thus his ſacred Name implor'd.

Diſtreſt, upon the Lord, they call'd, who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd, he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their Camp, to guide their March, the cloudy Pillar mov'd:
They kept his Laws, and to his Will obedient Servants prov'd.

8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft his People for their Sake,
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd, did ſad Examples make.
9 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is, alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one Conſent let all the Earth to God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth, and ſing before him Songs of Praiſe;
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone, from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own. the Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

4 O enter then his Temple-Gate, thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat, and ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord, ſupremely good, his Mercy is for ever ſure,
His Truth which always firmly ſtood, to endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring, And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to thee belong, To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide, Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life myſelf I'll make A Pattern for my Court to take.

3 No ill Deſign will I purſue, Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do,
4 Who to Reproof bears no Regard, Him I will totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be In public Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide, And mortify the Heart of Pride;

6 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell, In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care, Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7 No Politics ſhall recommend His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe By flatt'ring or malicious Lyes.

8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take, An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain God's holy City to profane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend,
To thy eternal Throne of Grace let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life, like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth, that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.
4 My Heart like Graſs, that feels the Blaſt of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce my needful Food I mind.

5 By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate, I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become, that does in Deſarts mourn;
Or like an Owl, that ſits all Day on barren Trees forlorn.

7 In Watching or in reſtleſs Dreams the Night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds that loneſome Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all, poſſeſt with furious Rage, have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie, oppreſt with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er, my Drink is mix'd with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my Fall more great, didſt lift me up on high.

11 My Days, juſt haſt'ning to their End, are like an Ev'ning Shade;
My Beauty does, like with'red Graſs, with waning Luſtre fade,
12 But thy eternal State, O Lord, no Length of Time ſhall waſte;
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works, from Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view with an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own appointed Day of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins by thy Saints with Pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid,

15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord all Heathen Kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again, and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Requeſt, nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace, ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.

19 For God, from his Abode on high, his gracious Beams diſplay'd;
The Lord from Heav'n his lofty Throne, has all the Earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſt'ned to the Captives Moans, he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r the Wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells, might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing loud Praiſes to his Name.

22 When all the Tribes assembling there,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
their solemn Vows address,
the Lord their God confess.

23 But ere my Race is run, my Strength
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
thro' his fierce Wrath decays;
cut short my hopeful Days.
when half is scarcely past;
to endless Ages last.

25 The strong Foundations of the Earth
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
And, like a Garment often worn,
of old by thee were laid;
with wond'rous Skill have made.
they soon shall pass away;
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their Change,
But thou continu'st still the same,
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
to thy Command they bend;
nor have thy Years an End.
shalt lasting Quiet give;
shall in thy Presence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
God's Holy Name for ever bless:
and still thy grateful Thanks express.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
and after Sickness makes thee sound;
by him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good Things my Mouth supplies,
He, when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,
thy Vigour, Eagle-like, renews;
his Foe with just Revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous Ways
His Works to his eternal Praise,
to Moses and our Fathers known;
were to the Sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move;
9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
And loves his Punishments to guide,
and unexampled Acts of Grace:
his willing Mercy flows apace.
but with his Anger quickly part;
more by his Love than our Desert.

11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
So much his boundless Love transcends,
12, 13 As far as 'tis from East to West,
Who with a Father's tender Breast,
above this little Spot of Clay;
the small Respects that we can pay.
so far has he our Sins remov'd;
has such as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our Frame surveys,
How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,
considers that we are but Clay;
like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away.
nor can we find their former Place;
to those that fear him, and their Race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
And who not only know his Will;
19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
To him, ye Angels, Praises sing,
proceed in his appointed Way;
but to his just Obedience pay.
in Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:
in whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just Commands obey,
21 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
22 Let every Creature jointly bless
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
and hear and do his sacred Will!
who still what he ordains fulfil.
the mighty Lord; and thou my Heart
and in this Consort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone,
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
possessest Empire without Bounds;
eternal Majesty surrounds.

2 With Light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe, and Glory for a Garment take:
Heav'n's Curtains ſtretch beyond the Globe thy Canopy of State to make.

3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms his Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, the Storms the ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, and ſwift as Wind, his Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Talks aſſign'd; all proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.

5, 6 Earth on her Center fixt he ſet, her Face with Waters overſpread:
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard, and by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.

8 Thence up, by ſecret Traſts they creep, and, guſhing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep, appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There haſt thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds, the threat'ning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds, nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn, the Sea recovers her loſt Hills;
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn, ſurprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led, weary with Labour, faint with Drought;
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred, have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.

12 There ſhady Trees, from ſcorching Beams yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, & to the bounteous Streams return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n parcht Hills recruit, that ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burden'd with her Fruit, and Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14 Graſs for our Cattle to devour, he makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r, that either Food or Phyſick yield.
15 With cluſter Grapes he crowns the Vine, to chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares;
Gives Oil that makes his Face to ſhine, and Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care or Art of Man, with Sap are fed:
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair as thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms the Wand'rers of the Air may reſt:
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms proteſts the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend, its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend, where feebler Creatures Refuge take.
19 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows, his Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to when Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
ſhroud,
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud to Providence that ſends them Prey.
22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent, 'till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſculk in Dens, with one Conſent, the conſcious Ravagers return.

23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil, the Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil, with him returns to his Repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found for which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd, 'till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PSALM CV.

PART IV.

25 But ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd Main, of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26 Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port, there cut their unmoleſted Way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.

27 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land, in Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand, and have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe, without their Trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe, the craving World is all ſupply'd.

29 Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face, the num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth, t'inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth ſmiles on her new-created Breed.

31 Thus thro' ſucceſſive Ages ſtands ſtum fixt, thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands, thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look, Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from thee with Clouds of Smoke, in Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs my Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotions to my Songs, ſincere, as in him is my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd, my Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
Till, with thy Song, the liſt'ning World join Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord, invoke his ſacred Name:
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds, his matchleſs Deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his Praiſe in lofty Hymns, his wond'rous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe, and Subject of your Verſe.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name, alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy, that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek his Face for evermore.

5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth, and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his Servant Abr'am's Seed, and Jacob's choſen Race,
7 He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill throughout the Earth take Place.

8 His Cov'nant he has kept in Mind for num'rous Ages paſt;
Which yet, for thouſand Ages more, in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by Oath to Iſaac made ſecure;
10 To Jacob and his Heirs a Law for ever to endure.

11 That Canaan's Land ſhould be their Lot, when yet but few they were:
12 But few in Number, and thoſe few all friendleſs Strangers there.
13 In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm, ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes ſeverely he reprov'd.

15 "Theſe mine Anointed are, ſaid he, "let none my Servants wrong;
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill, "that does to me belong."
16 A Dearth at laſt, by his Command, did thro' the Land prevail,
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life, ſuſtaining Corn did fail.

17 But

17 But his indulgent Providence had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their Death who ſold him to prevent.
18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd, with Calumny his Fame;
19 Till God's appointed Time and Word to his Deliv'rance came.

20 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent, and reſcu'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd, the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all ſubjected to his Will:
22 His greateſt Princes to controul, and teach his Statesmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt then, invited Gueſts, half-famiſh'd Iſr'el came;
And Jacob held, by Royal Grant, the fertile Soil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe his People multiply'd;
Till with their proud Oppreſſors they in Strength and Number vy'd.

25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' Egyptians Hearts with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to deſtroy by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant Moſes then he ſent, his choſen Aaron too;
27 Impower'd with Signs and Miracles, to prove their Miſſion true.

28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came, Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake transform'd to Blood, the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land, the Peſt of Frogs were bred;
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak at Pharaoh's Board and Bed.

31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies came down in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliv'ned Duſt below bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain, and Fire for cooling Dew;
33 He ſmote their Vines and Foreſt Plants, and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.

34 He ſpake the Word and Locuſts came, with Caterpillar's join'd,
They prey'd upon the poor Remains the Storm had left behind.
35 From Trees to Herbage they deſcend; no verdent Thing they ſpare;
But like the naked Fallow-Field, leave all the Paſtures bare.

36 From Fields to Villages and Towns, commiſſion'd Vengeance ſlew;
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes and Strength of Egypt ſlew.
37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſure elſe, enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38 Egypt rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills, by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day, a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night their Defart Marches led.

40 They long'd for Fleſh, with Ev'ning Quails he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn, the Bread of Angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe flowing Streams where-e'er they march'd the Defart's Drought ſupply'd.

42 For ſtill he did on Abr'am's Faith an ancient League reflect;
43 He brought his People forth with Joy, with Triumph his Elect.
44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes, from Canaan's fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave the Fruit of others Toil.

45 That they his Statutes might obſerve, his ſacred Laws obey;
For Benefits ſo vaſt let us our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM

PSALM CVI.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above, The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs, Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

3 Happy are they, and only they, Who from thy Judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right, not only ſo, But always practice what they know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord, Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free, Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5 O may I worthy prove, to ſee Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join, And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace, Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er, And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?

7 Ingrateful they, no longer thought On all his Works in Egypt wrought;
The Red-Sea they no ſooner view'd, But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name, Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known, That he is God, and he alone.

9 To Right and Left at his Command, The parting Deep diſcloſ'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay, As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were, Who cloſely preſs'd upon the Rear;
11 Whoſe Rage purſu'd them to thoſe Waves That prov'd the raſh purſuers Graves.

12 The wat'ry Mountains ſudden Fall O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, Hoſt and all;
This Proof did ſtupid Iſr'el move To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot, And for his Counſel waited not;
14 But luſting in the Wilderneſs, Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15 Strong Food at their Requeſt he ſent, But made their Sin their Puniſhment;
16 Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe, The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.

17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide, Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh Dathan to her Centre drew, With proud Abiram's factious Crew.
18 The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train became A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.

19 Near Horeb's Mount a Calf they made, And to the molten Image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their Hands did Frame, They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, And all his Works in Egypt wrought;
22 His Signs in Ham's aſtoniſht Coaſt, And where proud Pharaoh's troops were loſt.

23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd, But Moſes in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray, And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd, Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey, But when God ſaid, Go up, would ſtay.

26, 27 This ſeal'd their Doom without Redreſs, To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathens Hands O'erthrown and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this ſtubborn Race, Baal-Peor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts and fed On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they perſiſted to provoke God's Vengeance to the final Stroke:
'Tis come;—the deadly peſt is come To execute their gen'ral Doom.

30 But

30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy Rage, (Th' Almighty's Vengeance to aſſwage)
Did by two bold Offenders fall, Th' Atonement make that ranſom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd, So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race, The Prieſthood he ſo well did Grace.

32 At Meribah God's Wrath they mov'd, Who Moſes for their Sakes reprov'd:
33 Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke, Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.
34 Nor when poſſeſt of Canaan's Land, Did they perform their Lord's Command,
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

35 Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew, But, mingling, learnt their Voices too;
36 And worſhip to thoſe Idols paid Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38 To Devils they did Sacrifice Their Children with relentleſs Eyes,
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood, Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appeaſe Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile, But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For after their Hearts Luſt they went, And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue God's Wrath againſt his People drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord, His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41 He then defenceleſs did expoſe To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait, Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd, Their Liſt of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd, Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.

43 Yet when diſtreſt, they did repent, His Anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke, Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd.
45 But did to mind his Promiſe bring, And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.

46 Compaſſion too he did impart E'en to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and Iſr'el's Bands Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe, And ever Triumph in thy Praiſe.

48 Let Iſr'el's God be ever bleſt, his Name eternally confeſt;
Let all his Saints with full Accord, Sing loud Amens—Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe, who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe attend on his eternal Love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give Thanks whom he from of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd;
Bands
And brought them back from diſtant from North and South, and Weſt and Eaſt.
Lands,

4, 5 Thro' lonely deſart Ways they went, nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent; their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear did they their mournful Cry addreſs,
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

7 From crooked Paths he led them forth, and in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort, where all their Wants were well ſupply'd.
8 O then that all the Earth with me, would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!

9 For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat, his Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART

PSALM CVII.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round — in Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound, — by preſſing Cares more heavy made;
11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd, — and lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd; — they fell, and none could Help afford.

13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear, — did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear, — and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
14 From diſmal Dungeons, dark as Night, — and Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light, — and welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

15 O then that all the Earth, with me — would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he — thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
16 For he with his Almighty Hand — the Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand, — or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe, — with bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence, — oppreſt with ſore Diſeaſes lie:
18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear, — abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats,
And they by faint Degrees draw near — to Death's inhoſpitable Gates.

19 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear, — do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear, — and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals, — his Word both Health and Safety gives:
And when all human Succour fails, — from near Deſtruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the Earth, with me, — would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he — thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altars flame, — whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs!
And with loud Joy his holy Name — for all his Acts of Wonder bleſs.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships, with Courage bold, — o'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue;
Do God's amazing Works behold, — and in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt, — but forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte, — and makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.

26 Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n, — on Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n, — whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger too and fro, — like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſt;
Nor do the ſkilful Seamen know, — which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.

28 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear — they do their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear, — and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe, — and makes the Billows calm and ſtill:
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe, — and their intended Courſe fulfil.

31 O then that all the Earth, with me, — would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works, which he — thro'out the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort, — advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court, — with one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound, — God's juſt Revenge, where People ſin,
will turn to dry and barren Ground, — to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parcht and defart Heath he makes to flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells:
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes, and in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.

37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants, which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants, his fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke, his Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke, and is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40 The Prince that ſlights what God commands, expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and defart Lands, where no Path offers, ſtray alone.

41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares, ſets up the humble Man on high:
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs with his increaſing Flocks to vye.

42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay the Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh, and thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent, to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe, ſhall celebrate thy Fame.

2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp, thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy, prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord, thy Wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe that round about us dwell:

4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds thy faithful Truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent, confeſs thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy choſen People Thee their Saviour may declare.
Let thy Right-hand protect me ſtill, and anſwer thou my Pray'r.

7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the Word, whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I Sechem will divide, and meaſure Succoth's Vale:

8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too; and Ephraim owns my Cauſe:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſupports, and Judah gives my Laws.

9 Moab I'll make my ſervile Drudge, on vanquiſht Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine Lands my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.

10 By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead thro' Edom's guarded Plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arms, which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our Hoſts, once more the Guidance take?

12 O to thy Servants in Diſtreſs thy ſpeedy Succour ſend:
For vain it is on human Aid for Safety to depend.

13 The valiant Acts ſhall we perform, if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone, that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God, whoſe former Mercies make my conſtant Praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State with wonted Favour view.

2 For ſinful Men, with lying Lips, deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd Slanders ſeek to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

3 Their

3 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill, malicious Lies to ſpread:
And all againſt my Life combine, by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd, my chief Oppoſers are;
Whilſt I of other Friends bereſt, reſort to thee by Pray'r.

5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did, their ſtrange Reward does prove:
And Hatred's the Return they make for undiſſembled Love:
6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made to ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe for his Accuſer have.

7 His Guilt when Sentence is pronounc'd, ſhall meet a dreadful Fate;
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves his Crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate, ſhan't live out half his Days;
Another, by divine Decree, ſhall on his Office ſeize.

9, 10 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread, where none can give Relief.
11 His ill-got Riches ſhall be made to Uſurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be by Strangers borne away.

12 None ſhall be found, that to his Wants their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan-Seed the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name ſhall utterly deface.

14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins upon his Head ſhall fall
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think, and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid Order rank'd, before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16 Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd, but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man, with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent, ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhor'd, ſhall far from him remove.

18 Since he in Curſing took ſuch Pride, like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oil, with which his Bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill his conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which he never ſhall be free.

20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports againſt my Life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God, do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake, preſerve and ſet me free.

22 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd, am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs, and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline, which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſt, and have no certain Place.

24, 25 My Knees with faſting are grown weak, my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads, and treat me with Diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy Mercy's ſake, O Lord do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own Act, the Work of thy Right-hand.

28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs; let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek, while I rejoice in thee.
29 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd, and ſpite of all his Pride;
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak, the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

30 But

30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks, my chearful Voice will raise;
And where the great Assembly meets, set forth his noble Praise.
31 For him the Poor shall always find their sure and constant Friend;
And he shall from unrighteous Dooms their guiltless Souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
"Till I thy Foes thy Foot-stool make,
"sit thou, in State, at my Right-hand;
2 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"and all thy proud Oppressors see
"subjected to thy just Command.

3 "Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
"the willing Nations shall obey,
"and when thy rising Beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
"appear as numberless and bright
"as Chrystal Drops of Morning Dew."

4 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
that like Melchizedeck's, thy Reign
and Priesthood shall no Period know:
5 No proud Competitor to sit
at thy Right-hand will he permit:
but in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6 The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay,
and fill with Carcasses his Way,
till he has struck Earth's Tyrant dead;
7 But in the High-way Brook shall first,
like a poor Pilgrim slake his Thirst,
and then in Triumph raise his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My Soul her utmost Pow'r shall raise,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints my Praise shall be my Song.
2 His Works, for greatness, tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,
And universal Glory claim;
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages past,
Shall to eternal Ages last.
4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind,
And to Posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
6 At once astonisht and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
And we their Heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands:
8 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9 He set his Saints from Bondage free,
And then establish'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.

10 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
Must with the Fear of God begin:
Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
of God, and loves his sacred Law:
2 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd,
3 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be
An inexhausted Treasury;
His Justice free from all Decay,
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all Mankind.
5 His liberal Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

6 Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round, Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
The ſweet Rememb'rance of the Juſt, Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
7 Ill Tidings never can ſurpriſe His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies:
8 On Safety's Rock, he ſits, and ſees The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

9 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd, His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd;
Whence, he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown, A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee, And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
While their unrighteous Hopes decay, And vaniſh, with themſelves, away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
the Triumphs of his Name record,
2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
3 Where'er the circling Sun diſplays,
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

4 God thro' the World extends his Sway,
the Regions of eternal Day;
but Shadows of his Glory are.
5 To him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
let no created Pow'r compare.

6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
in higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

7 When childleſs Families deſpair,
he ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
to reſcue their expiring Name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
and joyfully her Fruit to rear;
O then extoll his matchleſs Fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Iſr'el by th' Almighty led, (enrich'd with their Oppreſſor's Spoil)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's Seed from Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2 Jehovah, for his Reſidence, choſe out imperial Judah's Tent,
His Manſion-Royal, and from thence thro' Iſr'el's Camp his Orders ſent.

3 The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw, and from th' Almighty's Preſence fled;
Old Jordan's Streams, ſurpriz'd with Awe, retreated to their Fountain's Head,
4 The taller Mountains ſkipp'd like Rams, when Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills ſkipp'd after them, like Lambs, affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw, and naked leave your ouzy Bed?
Why, Jordan, againſt Nature's Law, recoild'ſt thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6 Why, Mountains, did ye ſkip like Rams, when Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs, when they their Leader's Flight behold?

7 Earth, tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear, thy Lord and Maker's Face to ſee;
When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis Time for Earth and Seas to flee;
8 To flee from God, whoſe Nature's Law, confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw and thirſty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share, but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory for thy Mercy's Sake, and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in Heav'n thou art, and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.

4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are, the Works of mortal Hands:
5 With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes, the molten Idol ſtands.
6 The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe, but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move, no Life within it dwells.

8 Such

8 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we can nothing like them find,
But those who on their Help rely, and them for God's design'd.
9 O Isr'el, make the Lord your Trust, who is your Help and Shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone, who only Help can yield.

11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear, rely;
Who them in Danger can defend, and all their Wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Isr'el's House will bless,
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all who his great Name confess.

14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will increase of Blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he his Empire's Seat design'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth a Portion to Mankind.

17 They who in Death and Silence sleep to him no Praise afford:
18 But we will bless for evermore our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love intirely is possest;
Because the Lord, vouchsaf'd to hear the Voice of my Request.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd, I never will despair;
But still in all the Straits of Life to him address my Pray'r.

3 With deadly Sorrows compass round, with Pains of Hell oppress,
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart, and Anguish rack'd my Breast;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee save my Soul, "with Sorrows quite dismay'd."

5, 6 How just and merciful is God, how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the Harmless, and to me does timely Help afford.
7 Then, free from pensive Cares, my Soul, resume thy wonted Rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee his bounteous Love express.

8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd my Dangers and my Fears;
My Feet from falling he secur'd, and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years, which God to me shall lend,
Will I in Praises to his Name, and in his Service spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him in greatest Straits did boast;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid from faithless Men were lost.)
12, 13 Then what Return to him shall I for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal, the Cup of Blessing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints, whose Blood, (howe'er despis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account is always highly priz'd.
16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before, thy ransom'd Captive now!

17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise; and whilst I bless thy Name,
The just Performance of my Vows To all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, and in thy House shall join,
To bless thy Name with one Consent, and mix their Songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth to Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all inspir'd with godly Mirth, sing solemn Hymns of Praise:
2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound, his Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII, CXIX.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, for he is good, his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever last, let thankful Isr'el say.
3, 4 Their Sense of his eternal Love let Aaron's House express;
And that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord confess.

5 To God I made my humble Moan, with Troubles quite oppress;
And he releas'd me from my Straits, and granted my Request.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side so graciously appear,
Why should the vain Attempts of Men possess my Soul with Fear;

7 Since God with those that aid my Cause vouchsafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes I need not doubt a just Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God, and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human Pow'r for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations closely leagu'd, did oft beset me round!
Yet by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd, I did their Strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage was but a short-liv'd Blaze:
For whilst on God I still rely'd, I vanquish'd them with Ease.

13 When all united press'd me hard, in Hopes to make me fall:
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part, and sav'd me from them all.
14 The Honour of my strange Escape to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength, he only claims my Songs.

15 Joy fills the Dwellings of the Just, whom God has sav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass by his Almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own resistless Pow'r, has endless Honour won:
The saving Strength of his Right-hand amazing Works has done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall, but still prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works, I may advance his Praise.
18 When God had sorely me chastis'd, till quite of Hopes bereav'd;
His Mercy from the Gates of Death my fainting Life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the Temple Gates to which the Just repair;
That I may enter in and praise my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within those Gates of God's Abode to which the Righteous press;
Since thou hast heard and set me safe, thy holy Name I'll bless.

22, 23 That, which the Builders once refus'd, is now the Corner-Stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God, the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, and make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's Name, let all th' Assembly bless;
"We, that belong to God's own House, "have wish'd you good Success."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all both Light and Comforts find;
Fast to the Altar's Horn, with Cords, the chosen Victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God, I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29 O then, with me, give Thanks to God, who still does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praise be endless as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blest are they who always keep the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the sacred Paths of God's Commandments stray!

2 Thrice

2 Thrice bleſt who to his righteous Laws have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal his Favour ſought to win!

3 Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs with conſtant Care proceed.
4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord, to learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ thy Statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy moſt holy Will might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life by thy Direction guide!
6 Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk, from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways with thy Commands agree.

7 My upright Heart, ſhall my glad Mouth with chearful Praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught, I ſhall have learnt thy Will.
8 So to thy ſacred Laws ſhall I, all due Obſervance pay;
O then forſake me not, my God, nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal, for thee I ſeek, to thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps from thy right Paths to ſtray.

11 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid, thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid, when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul ſhall ever bleſs thy Name;
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws my future Life to frame.

13 My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal, to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth deſerve our beſt Regard.
14 Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands, more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe of envy'd Riches crown'd.

15 Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt all due Reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd, ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word, ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord, do thou my Life defend,
That I, according to thy Word, my Time to come may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind, that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold who thy juſt Precepts learn.

19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land, from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search of thy juſt Will, intent.

21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud, whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord, Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect with undiſſembled Love.

23 Tho' Princes oft in Council met, againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve, my conſtant Buſineſs make.
24 For thy Commands have always been my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn, with prudent Care, to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care, cloſe to the Duſt does cleave:
Revive me, Lord, and let me now thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declare my Ways, and thou inclin'dſt thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws, and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks, preſt down with weighty Care;
Do, thou, according to thy Word, my waſted Strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways, and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth, my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life, before me always laid.

31 My Care has been to make my Life, with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord, from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands, ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy, ſucceſsfully go on.

HE.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord, thy righteous Paths diſplay!
And I from them, thro' all my Life, will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will devote my zealous Heart.

35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands incline my willing Heart:
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth from thee my Thoughts divert.

37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes which this falſe World diſplays,
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength to keep thy righteous Ways.
38 Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt, and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws is awfully afraid.

39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear, in Mercy, Lord remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt are full of Grace and Love.
40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands, my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up, and promis'd Succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow, to cheer my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word, thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid, this ready Anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will "his faithful Promiſe break."

43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws, with all my Study bend;
From Age to Age my Time to come in their Obſervance ſpend.

45 Ere long I truſt to walk at large, from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolv'd to make my Life with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk; and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways, with Confidence defend.

47 My

47 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
48 Then will I to thy juſt Decrees,
My Care and Buſineſs then ſhall be

ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
my happy Hours employ.
lift up my willing Hands;
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
Make good to me the Word, on which
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,

thy Favour, Lord, extend;
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
did all my Griefs controul;
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul

and all my Hopes deride;
could make me turn aſide.
I quickly call'd to mind!
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
To think how all my ſinful Foes
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees,
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild

with deadly Horror ſtruck,
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
my chearful Anthems made;
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.

55 Thy Name that chear'd my Heart by Day,
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will

has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
to guide my Steps aright.
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word.

and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
to treaſure in my Heart,
I did thy Grace implore;
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.

59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
60 I loſt no Time, but made great haſte,
To watch, that I might never more

on all my Ways I thought;
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
reſolv'd, without Delay,
from thy Commandments ſtray.

61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
62 In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
Convinc'd how much I always ought

to rob me have combin'd;
have ever kept in Mind.
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
To all who their obedient Wills
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
O make me then, exactly learn,

myſelf I cloſely join,
to thy Commands reſign.
abundantly is ſhed;
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
Who in Belief of thy Commands

moſt graciouſly, O Lord,
according to thy Word.
right Judgment is attain'd,
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.

67 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,

my Footſteps went aſtray;
thy Precepts to obey.
and all thou doſt is ſo;
the ſaving Skill beſtow.

69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies
But my fixt Heart, without Reſerve,

my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
thy Precepts ſhall retain.

70 While

70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills, in sensual Pleasures live,
My Soul can relish no Delight but what thy Precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt Affliction's chastning Rod,
That I may duly learn and keep the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds of more Esteem they hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines of Silver and of Gold.

J O D.

73 To me, who am the Workmanship of thy Almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Understanding give to learn thy just Commands.
74 My Preservation to thy Saints strong Comfort will afford,
To see Success attend my Hopes, who trusted in thy Word.

75 That right thy Judgments are, I now by sure Experience see,
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord, thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promise, Lord, to me, thy Servant, made.

77 To me thy saving Grace restore, that I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd, to ruin me have fought;
Who only on thy sacred Laws employ my harmless Thought.

79 Let those that fear thy Name espouse my Cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious Search thy sacred Precepts known.
80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart continue always sound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot, may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints to see thy saving Grace;
Yet still on thy unerring Word my Confidence I place.
82 My very Eyes consume and fail with waiting for thy Word:
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief and promis'd Aid afford?

83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows, that long in Smoke is set;
Yet no Afflictions me can force thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days must I endure of Sorrow and Distress?
When wilt thou Judgment execute on them who me oppress?

85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me, that have no other Foes,
But such as are averse to thee, and thy just Laws oppose.
86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws all thy Commands agree;
Men persecute me without Cause, thou Lord, my helper be.

87 With close Designs against my Life they had almost prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will my Duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore, my drooping Heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I my Life's whole Course may steer.

L A M E D.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns, does all their Orbs sustain.
90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth immoveable shall stand,
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st by thy Almighty Hand.

91 All Things the Course by thee ordain'd, ev'n to this Day fulfil:
They are thy faithful Subjects all, and Servants of thy Will.
92 Unless thy sacred Law had been my Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd in dark Afflictions Night.

93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,

95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
But in the Midſt of Danger I
96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
But thy Commandments, like thyſelf,

ſhall never, Lord, depart;
reſtor'd my dying Heart.
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
and carefully perform.

my guiltleſs Life to take:
thy Word my Study make.
Perfection here below;
no Change or Period know.

M E M.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
They with freſh Wonders entertain
98 Through thy Commands I wiſer grow
For thy ſure Word does me direct,

99 From me my former Teachers now
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
100 In Underſtanding I excel
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules

no Language can diſplay;
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.
than all my ſubtle Foes;
and all my Ways diſpoſe.

my abler Counſel take;
my conſtant Study make.
the Sages of our Days;
I order all my Ways.

101 My Feet, with Care, I have refrain'd,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
102 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me

from ev'ry ſinful Way,
intire Obedience pay.
by vain Deſires miſled;
thy righteous Paths to tread.

103 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
How much more grateful to my Soul
104 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin

O what divine Repaſt!
than Honey to my Taſte.
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
I utterly deteſt.

N U N.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
106 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
That in thy righteous Judgments I

the Way of Truth to ſhow;
in which I ought to go.
will never ſtart aſide;)
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

107 Since I with Griefs am ſore oppreſt
According to thy Word, do thou
108 Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,

that I can bear no more,
my fainting Soul reſtore.
with thee Acceptance find;
inſtruct my willing Mind.

109 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
Nor, with continual Terrors, keep
110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
Yet I have kept the upright Path,

my Soul they cannot awe:
from thinking on thy Law.
for me their Snares have laid;
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

111 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
For they, when other Comforts fail,
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
And till my Courſe of Life is done,

my Heritage and Choice;
my drooping Heart rejoice.
thy Statutes to obey;
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

S A M E C H.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
But to thy Law Affection bear
114 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r,
I firmly Anchor all my Hopes

I utterly deteſt?
too great to be expreſt.
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
on thy unerring Word.

115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
For firmly I reſolve to keep

approach not my Abode.
the Precepts of my God.

116 Ac-

116 According to thy gracious Word,
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd

117 Uphold me, ſo I ſhall be ſafe,
To thy Decrees continually
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward

119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
I therefore, with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
120 Yet with that Love they make me dread
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold

from Danger ſet me free;
that I repoſe on thee.

and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
my juſt Reſpects addreſs.
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
of their own Falſhood made.

thou doſt, like Droſs, remove;
thy Teſtimonies love.
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
In my Defence, nor give me up
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me;
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud

123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
124 To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs
And diſcipline my willing Heart

125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
126 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
When Men with open Violence

127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold,
128 Thy Precepts therefore I account
They teach me to diſcern the right,

O therefore, Lord, engage
to my Oppreſſors Rage.
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

in long Expectance held,
and righteous Word fulfil'd.
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
thy Statutes to obey.

thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
the full Extent may know.
thy Vengeance to employ,
thy ſacred Law deſtroy.

but makes their Value riſe
compar'd with them deſpiſe.
in all Reſpects divine;
and all falſe Ways decline.

P E.

129 The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
130 The very Entrance to thy Word
And Knowledge of true Happineſs

131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe

133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
Nor Wickedneſs of any Kind
134 Releaſe, intirely ſet me free
That unmoleſted I may learn

135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws

no Words can repreſent;
my zealous Heart is bent.
celeſtial Light diſplays:
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.

and fainted with Deſire,
the ſacred Skill acquire.
who thy Relief implore;
that thy bleſt Name adore.

let all my Footſteps be;
Dominion have o'er me.
from perſecuting Hands,
and practiſe thy Commands.

Lord, make thy Face to ſhine;
my Heart with Zeal incline.
whence briny Rivers flow,
in bold Defiance go.

T S A D D I.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
And, like thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,

wrong'd Innocence may truſt:
in all Reſpects are juſt.
which thou didſt firſt decree;
ſucceeding Times ſhall be.

139 With

139 With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,
To see my Foes contemn, at once,
140 Yet each neglected Word of thine,
Is pure, and for eternal Truth

my Soul with Anguish frets,
thy Promises and Threats.
(howe'er by them despis'd)
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Estate,
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
142 Thy Righteousness shall then endure,
Thy Law is truth itself, that Truth

Contempt from all I find;
thy Precepts from my Mind.
when Time itself is past;
which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubts and Dreads
Beset with Dangers, still I make
144 Eternal and unerring Rules
Teach me the Wisdom that will make

to compass me unite,
thy Precepts my Delight.
thy Testimonies give:
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
Thy Testimonies truly know

Lord, hear my earnest Cry;
will all my Care apply.
O save me, that I may,
and stedfastly obey.

147 My earlier Prav'r the dawning Day
To him on whose engaging Word
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
That I, of thy mysterious Word,

prevented, while I cry'd
my Hope alone rely'd.
the Midnight Watch was set,
might perfect Knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
O quicken me, and so approve
150 My persecuting Foes advance
What Treatment can I hope from them

and wonted Favour show;
thy Judgments ever true.
and hourly nearer draw;
who violate thy Law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
That they were true, and shall their Truth

thou, Lord, art yet more near,
thy Promises sincere.
my Soul has known of old,
to endless Ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my Affliction, Lord,
Think on thy Servant in Distress,
154 Plead thou my Cause; to that and me
With Beams of Mercy quicken me

and me from Bondage draw:
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
thy timely Aid afford;
according to thy Word.

155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'st
'Tis just thou shouldst withdraw from them
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
According to thy Judgments, Lord,

Salvation far away;
who from thy Statutes stray.
to all who thee adore;
my fainting Hopes restore.

157 A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes
But all too few to force my Soul
158 Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
To see with what audacious Pride

against my Life combine;
thy Statutes to decline.
and was with Grief oppress'd,
thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.

159 Yet while they fight, consider, Lord,
O therefore quicken me with Beams
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth,
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,

how I thy Precepts love:
of Mercy from Above.
has held through Ages past,
to endless Ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone

conspire my Blood to shed,
to fill my Heart with Dread.

162 And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.

163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
I utterly deteſt;
too vaſt to be expreſt,
164 Sev'n Times a Day, with grateful Voice,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
thy Praiſes I reſound,
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
who truly love thy Law:
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
and tho' ſo long delay'd,
all thy Commands obey'd.

167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
Becauſe the Love I bore to them
and conſtantly obey'd;
thy Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways
I never yet withdrew,
are open to thy View.

T A U.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
attend, O gracious, Lord;
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
According to thy plighted Word
before thy Throne appear;
for my Relief draw near.

171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
ſhall thankfully reſound,
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd
and bring me timely Aid;
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
deſpair my Way to find;
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.

3 What little Profit can accrue?
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to thee?
4 Thy Sting upon thyſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

5 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren Meſech's deſart Soil!
With Kedar's wicked Tents enclos'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms:
7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek,
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
they ſtraight cry out, to Arms, to Arms.

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
2 From Sion's Hill, and Sion's God,
from thence expecting Aid;
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety reſt,
4 His watchful Care, that Iſr'el guards,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
will Iſr'el's Monarch keep.

5 Shel-

5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings, thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee by Day or Night moleſt.
7 From common Accidents of Life his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foes, that lie in wait to kill.

8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War, thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage ſafe to thy Journey's End.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up Iſr'el, to the Temple haſte, and keep your feſtal Day.
2 At Salem's Courts we muſt appear with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd like her united Tow'rs.

4 'Tis thither by divine Command, the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there, where Equity takes Place,
There ſtands the Courts and Palaces of Royal David's Race.

6 O, pray we then for Salem's Peace, for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!) who bear true Love to thee.
7 May Peace within thy ſacred Walls a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends, no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray,—May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good, and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the Temple's ſake, where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies, For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters Hands, And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.
3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord, Thy gracious Aid to us afford,
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs, Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord, (may Iſr'el ſay) been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe, when Men againſt us roſe.
3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive, and rag'd without Control;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who reſcu'd us that Day,
Nor to their ſavage Jaws gave up our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7 Our Soul is like a Bird eſcap'd from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſt, and we at Freedom ſet.

8 Secure in his Almighty Name, our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth, of both ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their Truſt, like Sion's Rock ſhall ſtand,
Like her immoveable be fixt by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side Jeruſalem encloſe:
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints to guard them from their Foes.

3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt, but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek baſe Means for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe who righteous Deeds affect,
The Heart that Innocence retains let Innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked Paths, the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints with lasting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd from long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream of what we wish'd to see.
2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth we did our Voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's Praise in thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great, much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof we reap the glad Success.

4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord, of Isr'el's captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs to parcht and thirsty Lands.
5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears, may see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make our drooping Hearts revive.

6 Tho' he despond that sows his Grain, yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring his joyful Harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless the Lord the Pile sustain,
Unless the Lord, the City keep, the Watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the Day, and late to Rest repair,
Allow no Respite to our Toil, and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Ease to them, he on his Saints bestows;
He crowns their Labours with Success, their Nights with sound Repose.
3 Children, those Comforts of our Life, are Presents from the Lord:
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand, when marching forth to War;
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth, their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd with these prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe, at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is blest who fears the Lord, nor only Worship pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care, to his appointed Ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet Returns of his own Labour feed:
Without Dependance live, and see his Wishes all succeed.

3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine, her lovely Fruit shall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants, about his Table spring.
4, 5 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus; him Sion's God shall bless;
And grant him all his Days to see Jerusalem's Success.

6 He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him descend with vast Increase;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State, and more in Isr'el's Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my Youth up, may Isr'el say, they oft have me assail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits, but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient Back with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their Chains, and rescu'd us from Wrong.

5 Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who Sion hate, and Sion's God oppose.
6 Like Corn upon our Houses Tops, untimely let them fade:
Which too much Heat, and want of Root, has blasted in the Blade:

7 Which

7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes, but unregarded leaves:
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains to fold it into Sheaves:
8 No Traveller that paſſes by, vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM loweſt Depths of Woe, to God I ſent my Cry:
2 Lord! hear my ſupplicating Voice, and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge, who can the Trial bear;
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond, and quite renounce thy Fear.

5 My Soul with Patience waits for thee the living Lord:
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built, thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out for thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning Watch, to 'ſpy the dawning Day.

7 Let Iſr'el truſt in God, no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence eternal Succour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us ſupplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe and waſh our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart, nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ in Things for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence thou know'ſt I have myſelf demean'd:
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe, that from the Breaſt is wean'd.

3 Like me let Iſr'el hope in God, his Aid alone implore:
Both now and ever truſt in him who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord, a conſtant Place in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd, be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd, whom Jacob's Sons adore.

3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe, nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes, nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend:
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy, at Ephrata we found:
And made the Wood and neighb'ring Fields, our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then, to his Abode repair:
And proſtrate at his Footſtool fall'n, pour out our humble Pray'r.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that not only with thy Ark, but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs, make thou thy Saints rejoice:
And for thy Servant David's ſake, hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11 God ſwear to David in his Truth, (nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offſpring after thee upon thy Throne ſhall reign.
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep, and to my Laws ſubmit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's Eſteem, and other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt, where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Stores, ſays he, I will encreaſe, her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts my ſaving Health confeſs.

17 There David's Pow'r ſhall long remain, in his ſucceſſive Line:
And my anointed Servant there ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt, with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be! how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent in Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oil which pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.

3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does on Hermon's Top diſtil;
Or like the early Drops that fall on Sion's fruitful Hill.
For God to all, whoſe friendly Hearts with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of Days with conſtant Bleſſings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend upon his ſolemn State;
That in his Temple, Night by Night, with humble Rev'rence wait.
2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands, and bleſs his holy Name;
From Sion bleſs thy Iſr'el, Lord, who Heav'n and Earth didſt frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent, and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
2 Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe, attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his utmoſt Courts, with humble Zeal repair.

3 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is, glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name, a moſt delightful Thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice the Sons of Jacob makes:
And Iſr'el's Offſpring for his own moſt valu'd Treaſure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have by glad Experience found:
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Pow'r above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unreſiſted Strength, performs his ſov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7 He raiſes Vapours from the Ground, which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, thro' which his dreadful Lightnings glare.
8 He from his Store-houſe brings the Winds: and he with vengeful Hand,
The Firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt, thro' Egypt's mourning Land.

9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd thro' ſtubborn Egypt's Coaſts;
Nor Pharaoh could his Plagues eſcape, nor all his num'rous Hoſts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote, and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd:
Sihon and Og, and all beſides, who Canaan's Lands poſſeſs'd.

12, 13 Their Land upon his choſen Race he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt, his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn his kindled Rage away.

15 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold, the Work of human Hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues, nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes:
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf, no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.

18 As ſenſeleſs, as themſelves, are they that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dangerous Times, on them for Aid rely.

19 Their

19 Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God let grateful Iſr'el pay:
Nor let the Prieſts of Aaron's Race to bleſs the Lord delay.

20 Their Senſe of his unbounded Love let Levi's Houſe expreſs:
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord, his Name for ever bleſs.

21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works in Sion's Courts proclaim:
Let them in Salem, where he dwells, exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord, Your joyful Thanks repeat;
To him due Praiſe afford As good as he is great:
For God does prove Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore, This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty Hand Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command, Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He ſpread the Ocean round About the ſpacious Land:
And made the riſing Ground Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day, The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead, Of Egypt's ſtubborn Land:
And thence his People led With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea, As if in Pieces rent,
Diſcloſ'd a middle Way, Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew Proud Pharaoh and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue, Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild He led the choſen Seed:
And famous Princes foil'd, And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whoſe potent Hand Great Ammon's Scepter ſway'd,
And Og, whoſe ſtern Command Rich Baſhan's Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace, Their Lands, whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to Iſr'el's Race, To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes, On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food ſupply On which all Creatures live,
To God who reigns on high, Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove Our conſtant Friend;
His boundleſs Love Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII, CXXXVIII, CXXXIX.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we our wearied Limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' Stream;
We wept with doleful Thoughts oppreſt, and Sion was our mournful Theme.
2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we ſung, were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung on Willow-Trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd to triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſic and Mirth of us requir'd, "Come, ſing us one of Sion's Songs."
4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing, or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King, be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy Seat! when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget the ſpeaking Strings with Art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear, eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue:
Or if I ſing one chearful Air, till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race, in thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her ſtately Walls deface, "and with the Ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's Daughter doom'd to be of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey;
Bleſt is the Man who ſhall to thee the Wrongs thou lay'ſt on us, repay.

9 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt, and deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt, and daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WITH my whole Heart, my God & King, thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing, and bleſs thy holy Name,
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat, and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat, o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3 Thou graciouſly inclin'ſt thine Ear, when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſt with Fear, didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince thy Name with Praiſe purſue;
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince, that all thy Works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord, with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record, thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high, does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye beholds with juſt Neglect.

7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſt, he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd, and keep me ſafe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt, ſhall fix my happy State:
And mindful of his Favours paſt, ſhall his own Work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, 2 THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee, Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys, My public Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent, My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand, On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high! Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be, To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun, Or whither from thy Preſence run?

8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight, 'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or drive to Hell's infernal Plains, 'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain, And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive, And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe, No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' mid-night Shades thou find'ſt thy Way As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart, My Reins and ev'ry vital Part,
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom, By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hands I came, A Work of ſuch a curious Frame:
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey, While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret how exactly wrought, Ere from its dark Incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee, Its Parts were regiſter'd by thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took, Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God, That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn, reviſing what I've done, I find th' Account but new begun.

19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God; Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty profane And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew, Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs, When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?

22 Who practice Enmity to thee Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly deteſt, As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart, If Miſchief lurks in any Part;
Correct me when I go aſtray, And guide me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty Foes of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence, on open Miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting in Sharpneſs does exceed;
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps and Adder's Venom breed.

4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands, nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence, who have my Ruin ſworn.
5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare, and ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins, where'er I move, I find my Steps beſet.

6 But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs, thou art my God, I ſaid:
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice, that calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving Strength kind Succour did convey:
And cover'd my adventrous Head in Battle's doubtful Day.

8 Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs, to bolder Crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad Effects of their Injuſtice mourn,
The Blaſt of their envenom'd Breath, upon themſelves return.

10 Let

10 Let them, who kindled firſt the Flame, its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made their own untimely Tomb.
11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm, it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell that bears themſelves away.

12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe, and ſpeedy Succour give;
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe, and in his Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend, O haſte to my Relief;
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue, and let a conſtant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare of their unrighteous Gain.

5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults, and I ſhall think them kind:
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head, I their Reproof ſhall find.
And in Return, my fervent Pray'r I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd, like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.

6 When ſculking in Engeddi's Rock, I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke, when I had Pow'r to kill:
7 Yet us they perſecute to Death, our ſcatter'd Ruins lie
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax, the ſever'd Splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul, whoſe Truſt on thee relies.
9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares, that wicked Hands have laid:
Let them in their own Nets be caught, while my Eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice, in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe, my Wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didſt my Steps direct, when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure, they had their Traps prepar'd.

4 I look'd, but found no Friend to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd his Pity or Redreſs.
5 To God, at laſt, I pray'd, thou, Lord, my Refuge art;
My Portion in the Land of Life, till Life itſelf depart.

6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits, to thee I make my Moan;
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes, for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praiſe thy Name, my Soul from Priſon bring:
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth a gracious Anſwer ſend.
2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man can e'er be juſtify'd.

3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life, whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark as Manſions of the Dead.
4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd, and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate, with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5 I call to mind the Days of old, and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes employ my muſing Thought.
6 To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts, like Land oppreſs'd with Drought.

7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails, thy Face no longer hide;
Leſt I become forlorn like them that in the Grave reſide.
8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear, whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go, my Soul to thee aſcends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes, preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage, my Soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will inſtruct me to obey:
Let thy good Spirit conduct and keep my Soul in thy right Way.

11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name, revive my drooping Heart;
For thy Truth's ſake, to me diſtreſs'd, thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord, reduce my Foes to Shame:
Slay them that perſecute a Soul devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord, who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength & Skill afford to wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r, my ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in Man, that thou ſhould'ſt love ſuch tender Care of him to take?
What in his Offspring could thee move ſuch great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade; his Thoughts but empty are and vain,
His Days are like a flying Shade, of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend, whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines,
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend, of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round, and make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound, and their Deſtruction ſoon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes, who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of Kings, in joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe:
And Inſtruments of various Strings, ſhall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe:
10 "God doth to Kings his Aid afford, "to them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword, "his Servant David ſtill defends."

11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes, who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe, their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow, deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.

13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store, ſhall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more, ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our labouring Oxen grow, nor in their conſtant Labour faint:
Whilſt we no War nor Slav'ry know, and in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe, whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace, and are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM

PSALM CLXV, CLXVI.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King, thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim:
This Tribute daily I will bring, and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great, and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height, above our Knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown and wond'rous Works expreſs;
The World with me thy Might ſhall own, and thy great Pow'r confeſs.

7 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs, they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
8 The Lord is good, freſh Acts of Grace his Pity ſtill ſupplies:
His Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace, his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame to all thy Works expreſt:
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name is by thy Servants bleſt.
11 They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd, ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd, their lofty Subject make.

12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date, ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's royal State, with public Splendor ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt Throne from Changes free, ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee, but Time itſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall, and makes the Proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call, who timely Food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various Wants require with open Hand he gives:
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire of ev'ry Thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt! how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt for his Aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe who him with Fear adore,
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe, when they his Aid implore.

20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare, with furious Rage deſtroys.
21 My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent, ſhall ſtill advance his Fame;
And all Mankind with one Conſent, for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul, for ever bleſs his Name;
His wond'rous Love while Life ſhall laſt, my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men, let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times, nor timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath to Duſt they turn, and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God for his Protector takes:
Who ſtill with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord his conſtant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord who made both Heav'n and Earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth, nor make his Promiſe vain.
7 The Poor oppreſs'd from all their Wrongs are eas'd by his Decree:
He gives the Hungry needful Food, and ſets the Priſ'ners free.

8 By

8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
With kind Regard and tender Love
9 The Strangers he preserves from Harm,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles

10 The God, that does in Sion dwell,
From Age to Age his Reign endures,

the Weak and Fall'n he rears;
he for the Righteous cares.
the Orphan kindly treats,
of wicked Men defeats.

is our eternal King:
let all his Praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
2 His holy City God will build,
Bring back his People, tho' disper's'd

and celebrate his Fame;
to praise his holy Name.
tho' level'd with the Ground;
thro' all the Nations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
He tells the Number of the Stars,
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
The Meek he raises, and throws down

and all their Wounds doth close;
their several Names he knows.
his Wisdom has no Bound;
the Wicked to the Ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
Thro' him, on Mountain Tops, the Grass

with grateful Voices sing;
and strike each warbling String.
refreshing Rain bestows;
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9 He, savage Beasts, that loosely range,
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
10 He values not the warlike Steed,
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,

with timely Food supplies:
and stops their hungry Cries.
but does his Strength disdain:
no Prize from him can gain.

11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
To him that on his boundless Grace
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,

his tender Love extends;
with stedfast Hope depends.
to God their Praise address;
and does their Children bless.

14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
He speaks the Word, and what he wills,
16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,

with finest Wheat they're fed;
is done as soon as said.
descend at his Command:
is scatter'd o'er the Land.

17 When join'd to these, he does his Hail
Who can against his piercing Cold
18 He sends his Word which melts the Ice;
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,

in little Morsels break;
secure Defences make.
he makes his Wind to blow;
in plenteous Currents flow.

19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
And still to Isr'el's chosen Seed,
20 No other Nation this can boast,
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,

to Jacob's Sons were shown;
his righteous Laws are known.
nor did he e'er afford
and Knowledge of his Word.

HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame,
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame;
Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his Praise.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
And Sun, that guid'st the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let

PSALM CXLIX, CL.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh, that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift, with glitt'ringScales;
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds, that where
He bids them blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains, (all
In graceful Concert join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord, prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great Aſſembly to ſing.
In our great Creator let Iſr'el rejoice;
And Children of Sion be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great Name extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp his Praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes Pleaſure his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation the Humble to bleſs.

5, 6 With Glory adorn'd his People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds with Safety does ſhield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes; of him their great King;
Whilſt a two-edged Sword their Right-hand ſhall wield.

7, 8 Juſt Vengeance to take for Injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe Lands for Ruin deſign'd;
With Chains as their Captives, to tie their Kings faſt,
With Fetters of Iron their Nobles to bind.

9 Thus ſhall they make good, when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree which God does proclaim:
Such Honour and Triumph his Saints ſhall enjoy,
O therefore for ever exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1 O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt Place, from whence his Goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he unveil'd in perfect Glory ſhows.
his Face

2 Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts, with which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

3 Let

3 Let the ſhrill Trumpet's warlike Voice make Rocks and Hills his Praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with Harp's melodious Noiſe, and gentle Pſalt'ry's ſilver Sound.
4 Let Virgin-Troops ſoft Timbrels bring, and ſome with graceful Motion dance;
Let Inſtruments of various Strings, with Organs join'd, his Praiſe advance.

5 Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe, to Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of common Uſe, and thoſe that loudly ſound on ſolemn Days.
6 Let all, that vital Breath enjoy, the Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of Praiſe employ; let every Creature praiſe the Lord!

The End of the PSALMS.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

COMMON MEASURE.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As PSALM 25.

2 To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100 PSALM.

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the laſt Part of the 113th PSALM Tune.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns triumphant Hoſt,
and ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
when Time itſelf muſt be no more.

As PSALM 148.

5 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore,
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As PSALM 149.

6 By Angels in Heav'n
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All Praiſe be addreſt
To God in three Perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

5 JA60

FINIS.